





GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Mrs. *(Springer)*
VICTORIA MUNGER.
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Springfield, Mass.
1889.

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DEDICATION.
TO
THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED HUSBAND,
ALEXANDER V. MUNGER,
FOR
MANY YEARS A SUFFERER FROM THE WAR
OF THE REBELLION.

As soldier, as husband,
Faithful in all;
And now gone to answer
The last "roll-call."

INTRODUCTION.

I place this little volume before the public in all humility, conscious that no embellishment has been employed, but only "plain thoughts

In plainest style expressed ;"

Desiring they may do good,
With God I leave the rest.

THE AUTHOR.

Holyoke, Mass., October 8th, 1889.

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THOUGHTS ON A SERMON.

"What I have written, I have written."—JOHN xix : 22.

Suggested after listening to a sermon delivered in the Second Baptist Church, Holyoke, by Rev. J. B. Robinson of West Springfield, and rendered in verse on the day following

BY THE AUTHOR.

May 28, 1883.

I see a vision of the cross,
And He who died thereon ;
I see the Jewish rabble mock
The sufferings of God's Son.
I hear the prayer He raised for them,
As now He prays for you.
Father in heaven forgive them,
For they know not what they do.

And now I see the inscription,
And I hear Pilate say,
"What I have written, I have written,"
And I cannot take away.
We are writing, fellow mortals,
Characters that cannot die ;
Be they good or be they evil,
To be read by worlds on high.

When with the assembled millions,
We shall stand before the throne,
And all the secrets of our hearts
And lives shall be made known.
Do you not think, my brother,
That our cheeks will blanch with shame,
When we read the written record
Standing opposite our names?

All the unkind words that uttered,
Caused another's heart to bleed;
All the words we might have spoken,
To a brother in his need;
All these will come up before us,
Every deed that we have done;
And each sinful thought and action,
We shall see them, every one.

Many lines that we have written,
We would give worlds to unwrite;
Or, that we might have the power
To obliterate from sight.
What we have written we have written,
Naught will wipe those lines away;

We shall read their dreadful import,
In the coming Judgment day.

Think not your example worthless,
When no fruit of it you see ;
For the lines that you are writing,
Are written for eternity.

Know you not, we all are teachers,
Though unconscious on our part ;
Yet we all are writing something,
On the tablet of some heart.

When the " Books of God " are opened,
What shall then our record be ?
For the lines we now are writing,
Make or mar our destiny.
We have no *time* to be careless,
For each idle word we say,
We shall find them all recorded
On the final Judgment day.

Hark ! I hear the great physician,
Speak from Heaven's open door ;
I will blot out thy transgressions,
And remember them no more.

Do not hesitate, my brother,
There is no time for delay?
Do you want the blood of Jesus
Now to wash your sins away?

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A
FRIENDLESS WOMAN,

WHO WAS LEFT BY HER CHILDREN TO DIE NEG-
LECTED AND ALONE.

Long she had toiled for a home below,
Knew none of its comforts but all of its woe;
'Till the Savior called her away in love,
To rejoin her friends in a home above.

CHORUS.

Where are the mourners? Who will shed
A kindly tear for the lately dead?
O where are the mourners? Who will come,
To bear her away to her last long home?

Where are the children, Oh ! where are they ?
Who in their childhood she taught to pray.
Where are the children ? she toiled to feed,
Were none of them near in her bitter need ?

The heart of a child may grow selfish and cold,
When the footsteps of parents are feeble and
 old ;
Then their prayers go up to the great white
 throne
And the Father, in mercy calls his own.

The mother's grave may neglected lie,
And no tear dim the unfeeling eye ;
But angels will drop on the verdant sod,
The tears that arose with her prayers to God.

A SERMON OF LIFE.

There are depths we may not fathom,
 There are heights we may not scan ;
God in his infinite justice,
 Knows the wisdom of his plan,

Where we cannot see, we'll trust him,
With a willing childlike trust ;
He will not forsake or leave us,
For he knows our frame is dust.

In the deepest depths of ocean,
Lie the pearls of greatest price ;
And the noblest human natures,
Make the greatest sacrifice.

Even the trials that we shrink from,
Make the gold to brighter shine ;
'Till we stand at last completed,
With a workmanship divine.

In the darkness of the valley,
Gloomy shadows fill the place ;
And the mist upon the mountains,
Veils the glories of his face.

So whatever our condition,
We can never plainly see ;
But are groping in the shadow
Of a vague uncertainty.

Such is life, whose fleeting phantoms
Fill the measure of our day ;
Nothing real, nothing certain,
But that we must pass away.

NEVER TURN BACK.

A SERMON OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

Composed in the Hadley Company's thread mill, Holyoke, Mass , May 25, 1883.

Do your feet on the rock of Christ Jesus
stand ?

Then fear not the storm on sea or on land.

If your *motive* is good, and you're on the right
track,

Press forward ! my brother, and never turn
back.

Press forward ! my brother ; though the way
may be rough,

There's success at the ending, and that is
enough ;

Though clouds gather round you, and dangers
 assail,
If you'r anchored in Jesus, they cannot prevail.

The wealth that the world is so eager to
 gain.
Will but bring you remorse and fill you with
 pain;
Though your way may be dark, you nothing
 shall lack
While you stick to the motto of Never turn
 Back.

Discouraged and weary, your heart may oft
 bleed;
There's an ear that is open to all of your
 need;
The hope that is built on the promise of God
Will live when our bodies are under the sod.

Press forward! my brother, we are all pilgrims
 here,
And the end of our journey we know not how
 near;

Of one thing we're certain, when on the right track,

We'll reach the port at last, if we never turn back.

Then press forward, brother, e'er the set of the sun,

Your day will soon close, and your work will be done.

In keeping his promises, God is not slack,

You'll receive your reward if you never turn back.

DUTY.

"Return to thine own house, and show how great things God hath done unto thee."—LUKE viii : 39.

Yes! return to thine house,

To thy kith and thy kin;

Tell them of a Savior

Who hath ransomed from sin.

Go, tell them of His love,

For perchance you may win

The heart of some loved one
From the darkness within.

Yes ! return to thine house,
Though the world may be wide,
Thou art needed the most
At thine own fireside ;
They will listen to you,
When your changed life they see,
And the force of example
Shall win them to Me.

With deeds of rare kindness
Win the hearts that are cold ;
Go and gather the lambs
Of My flock in the fold ;
If indeed you love Me,
All your actions will show,
And men will take knowledge
Wherever you go.

I do not send you out
For to battle with sin,

But to keep all your lamps
Trimmed and burning within.
Even Satan himself
Fails a foothold to gain
Where Love holds the balance,
And duty is plain.

“STEP BY STEP.”

“My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.”—PROVERBS.

Step by step, be it ever so slow,
Something we *gain* or *lose* as we go;
We may rise, or may fall, just as we will,
'Tis a law of Nature, we may not stand still.

Carelessly, down the river of Time,
A floating wreck, 'mid drift-wood and slime;
If you make no effort to stem the tide,
It will bear you down to the cess-pool wide.

Step by step, even the best *may* fall,
For the downward road is open to all,

And so gradual is the course you take,
You will never notice the change you make ;

Until you are borne so far each day,
You cannot again retrace your way ;
Thus we grow weary and tempest tossed,
Thus many a soul to Christ is lost.

Step by step, though but little at first,
The more rapid strides belong to the worst ;
Little by little we sin again,
It leaves its impress on heart and brain.

The voice of conscience becomes less clear,
Until its warning we cease to hear ;
We grow to think less of what is right,
And the soul sinks down in eternal night.

Would you shun the evil ? Listen, boys,
Be careful how you select your joys ;
Remember, 'tis when you first begin,
Before you acquire a taste for sin.

When the wine glows red within the cup,
Before it has eaten your honor up ;


When the tempting puff of the sweet cigar
Is wafted along on the breeze afar ;

And the flaming signboard calls you in,
Beware, 'tis the first approach of Sin ;
And they who seek to entice you there
Are helping to spread the Devil's snare.

Now do not say this does not *hit* you,
You know and feel that my words are true,
And the only way to resist the tide
Is to bravely pass on the other side.

For 'tis only a step from wrong to right,
Only a step from darkness to light ;
So easy to take, so hard to reclaim
Is a soul once lost to the sense of shame.

Step by step, be it ever so slow,
Something we *gain* or *lose* as we go ;
We may rise or may fall, just as we will,
'Tis a law of Being, we cannot stand still.



“COME!”

“Behold, I come quickly.”—REVELATION xxii : 7.

My mother, in her last moments, extended her hand to me, saying, almost with her last breath, “Come!”

I know my time has not come yet,
A few more suns must rise and set,
A few more trembling hopes and fears
Go down within the lapse of years ;
A few temptations I must shun,
A few good deeds must yet be done,
Heart strings be severed one by one,
And then, dear mother, I will come !

LINES :

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MY MOTHER,
CHARLOTTE CHAPIN SPENCER,

Who died May 20, 1876, aged 62 years, 11 months and 22 days.

Her children shall rise up and call her blessed.—PROVERBS xxxi : 28.

All her griefs and toils are o'er,
Ne'er to suffer any more ;

Jesus opens wide the door,—

 Weary mother, rest !

Hard the road thy feet have trod,

Heavy was the chastening rod ;

Leaning only on thy God,

 Thou hast walked alone !

Not the jeers of all thy foes,

Not thy mortal pains and woes,

Had the power to disclose

 One unchristian deed.

Though above the grovelling herd,

Yet thy sympathies were stirred ;

Many a look and kindly word

 Bear record of thee.

Though the means at thy command

Was not large, yet from thy hand

Blessings, like rain on thirsty land,

 Cheered the fainting heart.

Those poor, aching, tired feet

No more obstacles will meet,

They now walk the golden street
In Immanuel's land.

Here thy aspirations high
Found no kindred spirit nigh,
Soaring now above the sky,
With the ransomed throng.

With pure minds so like thine own,
Never more to feel alone;
Ne'er to hear harsh word or tone
Will be Heaven indeed!

Few hearts understood thee here,
But to *one* thou wert most dear;
Mother! I shall long revere
Thy sacred memory.

Rough my path in life may be;
Dark or bright the days I see;
Yet the memory of thee
Will uphold my heart.

All thy *patient, loving care*,
Many tears, and life of prayer,

In which I have held a share,
Will not be in vain!

When this weary day is done,
When life's tangled web is spun,
To those realms above the sun,
Mother, I will come!

"THE OUTLOOK."

"Whomsoever the Lord loveth, he chasteneth."

The hour is dark, dear Father.
My path seems hedged about;
I cannot now see clearly,
To where it leadeth out;
I know above the cloudland,
The sun shines bright and clear,
And why the way is clouded,
It doth not now appear.

Perhaps could I see clearly,
I might have careless grown;

Might have forgot my duty,
And cared for self alone ;
But thou dear Lord hast led me,
In such a tender way,
That I would fain acknowledge
Thy loving care each day.

Though huge mountains seem to rise,
My feet can never scale ;
I'll trust him to remove them,
Whose word can never fail.
It may be ere I reach them
That they will fade from sight ;
And these dark clouds be riven,
With thine effulgent light.

I know my faith grows stronger,
With each trial I endure ;
Trials are the crucibles
That make thy children pure ;
Give me the faith to trust *thee*
The remnant of my days,
And I shall see the wisdom
Of all thy works and ways.

THE SERMON OF THE SEASONS,

“When the fig tree putteth forth leaves, ye say behold the summer is at hand.”

The spring-time has come, beautiful spring,
The birds and the bees are on the wing;
Cold winters reign has passed away,
Again we mark the lengthened day,
So the seasons in their term,
Each bear a lesson, we may learn;
We may not pause but journey on,
Until our pilgrimage is done.

Youths fair spring-time bids adieu,
To all that seemed so fair and true;
The fervid heats of summer try
Our souls, but still we reason why,
We cannot tell, and yet we know,
Thus fades mortality below,
The rich, the poor, the false, the brave,
Will rest alike within the grave.

And *pride*, poor substitute for *worth*,
Must make her bed of common earth;
Titles and dignities decay,
And forms of greatness pass away;
But know and mark the upright man,
Whose life has neared the shortest span;
Patient he waits the soul's release,
The end of such a one is peace.

Peace to the earth from winter's reign,
Peace to our hearts that would complain,
And as the seasons come and go,
From ruddy spring to winter's snow;
We feel our confidence at rest,
He doeth all things for the best.
'Mid all life's changes, come what will,
We've trusted him, we'll trust him still.

SELF RELIANCE.

“I rejoice therefore that I have confidence in you in all things.”—Corinthians 7: 16

Have confidence in thyself,
And lean not on a brother;
For what thou cans't not do,
Entrust not to another.

Of all wisdom to be bought,
This kind is cheap by earning;
An ounce of “self-reliance”
Is worth a pound of learning.

Go through the world, where e'er you will
You'll find this truth apparent;
That they who best succeed in life,
Are those who're “self-reliant.”

Work with a will and let your work,
Have much of method in it;
For what is worthy to be won,
Is worth a race to win it.

Have confidence in every plan ;
Whereby you would excel ;
It is by far the safest course,
Of any I can tell.

And should huge obstacles arise,
As barriers in your way ;
Do not give up, but resolute,
Perform your task each day.

A want of confidence begets
A lack of it in others ;
Until we almost quite forget
That all mankind are brothers.

Then in whatever sphere in life,
We each are called to labor ;
We need more "confidence" in God,
Ourselves and in our neighbor.

And what a heaven on earth 'twould seem,
If each of us possessed,
This priceless jewel confidence
Deep seated in the breast.

Friendship would be a holy flame,
And love endure forever ;
And *this* life be a sweet foretaste,
Of Life beyond the River.

Whatever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men. Colossians
iii : 23.

Never hesitate a moment,
When a good deed's to be done ;
Do it with a right good pleasure,
Cheerfully to every one.

But if *evil* thoughts come o'er thee,
Tempting though they may appear ;
Do not wrong a fellow creature,
Pause and keep thy conscience clear.

Never hesitate to labor
For an honest, noble cause ;
Though it yield for thee no Laurels,
Nor a fickle world's applause.

But if tempted to an action,
Which would tinge thy cheek with shame,
Better pause, and reconsider,
Than for gold to sell a name.

If you see a brother sinning,
Add not bitterness to gall;
Seek at once some power to win him,
You may be the next to fall.

Human strength you know is weakness,
Be thou slow to add thy voice;
For in what the world condemns him;
May have been his only choice.

Haste thou on from *love* to duty,
Let her watchword light thy day;
And whatever cares await thee,
'Twill be pleasant all the way.

Pleasant when your work is ended,
And you mark the progress made;
Each good deed you'll find a jewel,
In a crown that will not fade.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

Suggested from the sermon of Rev. A. S. Vaughn, of Hammonton, New Jersey, from the text, "And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou riseth up."—Deut. vi. : 7.

In the gentle, budding spring-time,
Let us guard the tender flower ;
For the evils that we dread most,
Come in an unlooked for hour ;
And the tender little floweret,
Gladdening our weary sight,
Oft by noxious weeds is shaded,
'Till it dies for want of light.

Parents like this truthful lesson
To your hearts and homes to-day ;
If you'd have your children prosper,
They must early learn to pray.
Do you fear the world may lead them,
Into many a wicked snare ?
There is nothing half so potent,
As a mother's earnest prayer.

Do not fear to plead with Jesus,
When by doubt and care oppressed;
He will aid you in each trial,
For He knoweth what is best.
Let the worldly seek for riches,
Stocks and bonds, a goodly share,
They would not weigh in the balance,
With a mother's tender prayer.

Now I think me of my childhood
Years have passed away since then;
All the earnest admonition,
The advice by tongue and pen.
All are precious to my memory,
But none ever can compare
To my mother's hallowed presence,
In the secret hour of prayer.

RELIGION.

“Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.”—James i : 27.

Religion, 'tis a boundless theme,
Whose height and depth no eye hath seen,
Vaster than ocean in its flow,
And mightier than ought below ;
It moves the heart, controls the fate
Of thousands in our ship of State ;
And yet this powerful Agent rests,
A still, small flame within the breast.

And by its pure and holy light,
Men walk by faith and less by sight ;
When trials like a cloud surround,
And scarce a ray of hope is found,
Then to the soul by grief oppressed,
'Tis ever found a welcome guest ;
And where it finds a resting place,
It clothes the poorest form with grace.

But not to every one is given,
To wear the vestry robe of heaven;
For oh! it is a sickening sight,
That chills the blood within us quite;
And stands a barrier every-day,
Against thy pure and gentle sway,
To see men publicly profess,
Yet not one spark of love possess.

Their scrupulous eye to outward show,
Will please the worldly mind, you know;
But then to kneel and offer prayer,
When not one thought of God is there;
To plead aloud, the orphan's cause,
With honeyed words, and choking pause;
Such acting prayer will never win it,
Unless, poor soul, your heart be in it.

For envy, avarice and pride,
Our risen Lord once crucified;
And from that self-same day to this,
Judas betrays men with a kiss.
Religion's robe they only wear,
To make the outward seem more fair;

And their unbridled passions hide,
That pierce anew His bleeding side.

Eager to let their light so shine,
That men their good works shall divine,
They hold their flickering lamp so high,
That worldly people wonder why,
If religion is reality,
So many glaring faults they see ;
That flowery speeches, lacking sense,
Should mark the men of great pretense.

While modest worth, so often lies
Concealed from gaze of ruder eyes ;
And though the masses never see,
Her quiet grace and dignity ;
There is an eye that never sleeps
O'er mortal man a vigil keeps ;
You may mislead the worldly mind,
Be not deceived, God is not blind.

Christian thy cross is hard to bear,
Go lay on Jesus all thy care ;
Trust him, the way will not be long,
Be brave to bear and suffer wrong ;

For dives the sacrament may wait,
While Lazarus stands outside the gate ;
Each of their day, so fades renown,
Who bears the cross, shall wear the crown.

LIFE.

“ For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory.” - II Corinthians iv: 17.

Sunlight and shadow, light and shade,
So the frail web of life is made,
A woof of dark, a thread of light,
Close interwoven meet the sight ;
So close to joy, does sorrow tread,
So soon the hopes of life are fled ;
How short a distance lies between
The cradle and the death-bed scene.

With life *uncertain*, death so sure,
With much to dare, much to endure,
With hope and expectation high,
Impetuous youth soon hastens by.

How different the world we own,
When sober reason takes her throne,
This life and all its joys appear,
Of little worth when death is near.

In vain we snatch at gilded straws,
In vain ignore creation's laws ;
Lift up our heads in worldly pride,
While death stalks grimly by our side ;
In vain men seek, and pray for fame
That shall endure beyond a name,
But God by a diviner plan,
Works out the destiny of man.

With trials fierce, with trials long,
God teaches us His arm is strong ;
Youth's blasted hopes, life's wasting sands,
Reveal the weakness of our hands ;
The friend whose smile lit up our ways,
The warm and true of other days,
Forsaking when we most confide,
Remind us of "The crucified."

How firm a hold our faith acquires,
How few our lingering desires ;
How *little worth* the gilded show,
That spell-bound us in years ago?
Thank God that when youth is no more,
When her delusive dreams are o'er,
We have a promise set on high,
A *hope* that is not born to die.

And this shall cheer the drooping heart,
Through life, 'till soul and body part ;
A lamp that shines with steady ray,
To guide us in the "narrow way ;"
When we shall reach the other shore,
And meet the loved who went before,
Our Father's smile shall well repay,
Our bitter tears along the way.

THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

“Having your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace.” Ephesians 6:15.

It was years ago, so long, I fear
That you may fail to remember here ;
How a sainted mother clasped her boy,
Her hope in age, and her pride and joy ;
And looking on, through the mist of years,
Through gathering doubts and gloomy fears,
She saw his path-way in life beset
With the wily foe that is tempting yet.

And raising her eyes like heaven's blue,
She prayed that prayer that is ever new,
“Dear Father in Heaven spare my child !
When waves are high and the tempest wild,
Yea ! guide him through the battle of life,
To the Port of Peace, and the end of strife ;
Lest he fail the narrow path to choose,
Let his feet be shod with the ‘Gospel Shoes.’ ”

The years passed away, for such is fate,
While the boy grew up to man's estate;
The mother who offered that earnest prayer,
Was called away from a world of care.
Forgotten, the earnest voice that plead,
Forgotten, were all the words she said;
The world moved on as it always will,
When all of our beating hearts are still.

His course was a record hard to hear,
'Twas spent in a sailor's mad career;
As he feared not God or man, 'twas said,
That a very lawless life he led.
But time, that waits not for you or me,
Bore him along to the voiceless sea.
We see him enfeebled now with age,
As he nears the close of his heritage.

His hearing fails, and his eyes grow dim,
What is it in sleep that troubles him?
A vision of one who passed away
Long years ago, but he hears her pray,
That has long since gone to the spirit land,
And he feels the pressure of that hand.

“Lest he fail the narrow path to choose,
Let his feet be shod with the ‘Gospel Shoes.’”

He wakes from sleep, but he seems to hear
Her voice ring out in the stillness clear;
Then he wonders if he still could use
His worn-out feet in the “Gospel Shoes.”
And the angels wept for joy that day,
When an aged sailor knelt to pray;
While Sweet Peace made her dwelling there,
And this was the answer to her prayer.

“WE ALL DO FADE AS THE LEAF.”

Isaiah lxiv: 6.

We all do fade as the leaf,
One after another we fall;
Joy walks in the footsteps of grief,
But death is the lot of us all.
We plan what our future shall be,
We toil, but we labor in vain;
As the leaf descends from the tree,
We fall to rise not again.

The tree is not dead, nor the bough,
Though the leaf may fade from our view;
When the breath of spring fans our brow,
Our God will reclothe them anew.
So when we are faded and dead,
And passed from our earth-life away;
Will others rise up in our stead,
As worthy as we are to-day.

Nothing lives to itself or in vain,
Each a duty has to perform;
The sunshine comes after the rain,
And the rainbow after the storm.
When the little leaf has fulfilled
Its mission, it passes away;
The dews it to heaven distilled,
In showers will gladden our way.

While in all creation around,
God's love we so plainly descry;
Shall man with his wisdom profound,
The name of his maker deny?

Rather like the leaf on the tree,
Or the tender blade of the sod;
Let us speak out boldly and free,
Of the love and mercy of God.

IF.

“For if the first fruit be holy, the lump is also holy; and if the root be holy so are the branches,”—Romans xi: 16.

If mankind were only conscious,
Of the worth of little things;
If they knew the untold anguish
That unkindness often brings.
They would not oppress each other,
Crushing out Life's noblest gift;
They would not tread down a brother,
Whom their kindness best could lift.

If it were not for deception,
When the heart is full of guile;

If the faces that we look on,
Wore no outward mask the while,
Then indeed would Christian virtues,
In our very midst have sway;
And sincerity and honor,
Be the aim of every day.

If religion were not acted,
Like a farce upon the stage;
If men sought for inspiration,
From the Scripture's holy page;
How their hearts would warm within them,
Burning with a sacred fire,
Doing good to all around them,
Until bidden, come up higher.

If the world thought *less* of pleasure,
Less of selfishness and greed;
More of earnest, honest labor,
Less of preaching idle creed;
Love would spring up all unbidden,
Peace and order reign supreme,
And the hoped and wished millennium
Would not be an idle dream.

"Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ."—Galatians

6: 2.

Give me the honest heart,
That thinks no guile;
That hides not evil deeds
Behind a smile.

A heart that throbs for woes
Besides its own;
And is not wholly moved
By self alone.

Give me the willing hand
That toils each day;
Nor ever stops to find
An easier way.

Content that *love* should be
Its guiding star;
While reason points a way,
That seems not far.

The feet that most on deeds
Of mercy run ;
Lips that have trusting said,
Thy will be done.

Whose words of sound advice,
When given at all ;
Sink deep, like thirsty ground,
When rain-drops fall.

Such friends are far between,
Yet they exist ;
And when by death removed,
How they are missed.

As the bright sun, that sinks
From sight at even ;
Or star that fades, from out
The vault of Heaven.

"Fear not little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."— St. Luke 12: 32.

Fear not little flock,
Though thy numbers be few;
Our Father in Heaven,
Hath much need of you.
Let his promise then, cheer
Thee, wherever thou art;
And bind his commandments
Close, close to thy heart.

Unto such as have faith,
On his promise to live,
'Tis thy Father's good pleasure
His kingdom to give.
Then gird up thy loins,
In the strength of his might,
And trim well thy lamp,
That the world may have light.

Remember the Psalmist,
Of whom it is told;

From the time he was young
To the day he was old,
That he never had seen
All the way he was led,
The righteous forsaken ;
Or his seed begging bread.

If we ask of the Lord,
It will not be in vain ;
For he knoweth our needs,
Though we should not complain.
The trials of this life,
Put our faith to the test ;
And God answers our prayers
As it seems to him best.

Then be thou not dismayed,
If the Lord is thy friend ;
Then thou surely hast one
Who will always defend ;
We have reason for joy,
The half cannot be told,
Since the good Shepherd has
Numbered us in his fold.

Art thou a wife?
Hast thou a husband dear?
On whom thou leanest,
All thy journey here?
It may be well
With thee a few short years,
While Love and Hope,
Twin stars thy pathway cheers.

But well we know,
No mortal can withstand,
The touch of time's
Cold and relentless hand;
And if perchance
You should be called some day,
To mourn a face,
Hid from your sight away,—

Say when you feel,
You stand alone in grief,

No tender voice
To whisper you relief ;—
Where would you look
But to the Lamb of God ?
Whose hand conveys
The blessing and the rod ?

Art thou a mother ?
Hast fondly to thy breast
Clasped thy first born,
And lulled it into rest ?
Hast seen her grow,
More lovely day by day,
Until she seemed
An angel here at play ?

Say if compelled,
To lay that golden head
Low in the dust,
And speak of her as dead ;
Would not your soul
Cry out in anguish wild ?
Take me, Father !
But spare, oh, spare my child !

Then why not give
Thyself to him to-day?
While health and strength
Are thine, do not delay!
Give Christ a thought,
Give him an earnest prayer,
Seek Heaven thy home,
And thou shalt enter* there.

Give him thine heart!
Ask his protecting care,
For thee and thine,
And he will hear thy prayer;
The poor on earth
May Heavenly treasures see;
And toiling here,
Rest through eternity.

“ Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.”— Matthew 26: 39.

Life is a mystery, intricate and dark,
The past we know, the present full of woe,
Points to the future, and the goal we mark
Buoyed up by hope, or dread the cruel blow
Of some unforeseen fate.

Alas! The portentious book is sealed,
We may not read our individual destiny;
Nor lightly pass o'er pages that would sadden us
But page by page the angel turns to view,
And some with joy we read, and some
With blinding tears and agony of soul.

Remorseless fate, heeds not the wail
Of orphans, nor the prayers of more
Than widowed wives; deaf eared
She turns life's pages one by one,
And hurrying past the brighter scenes,
Dwells longest, where it pains our hearts to read

What matters it
Though shadows gather thick and fast,
About the path I tread?

I walk by Faith, the inner light revealing,
Nor trust to sense of sight alone.

Though cruel fate, obscure
Life's early morning, and clouds o'ercast
The welcome noon-day sun ;
Vain would it be, for me to idly murmur,
Better, far better say, " Thy will be done."

" Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."—Proverbs 3 : 13, 14.

There's a flower that blooms in the solitude,
So far from the haunts of men,
That the seekers of pleasure far and wide,
But meet with it now and then ;
Yet its beauty is praised in the festive hall,
While fashion and wealth agree ;
That the breath of its perfume is sweeter by far,
Than spices from over the sea.

And men have sought from dawn until night,
Through jungles of deepest gloom ;

O'er marsh and moor, to be crowned with
 success,
Or impaled in a living tomb.
For *gold* is the price, and men barter their lives,
To gather it hour by hour ;
Even Heaven itself is *second* in charm,
Like this rare and beautiful flower,

So virtue and truth, though rare to be found,
And above all value and price ;
Too often are sold for distinction and wealth,
And linked with passion and vice.
Though honor and truth are the safeguards of
 youth,
We early in childhood were told ;
Yet struggling through life, it as nothing compares,
When weighed in the balance with *gola*.

The glittering tinsel will wear for a day,
Though false as fickle its reign ;
And beauty and genius may bow to its sway.
But *truth* shall eternal remain.

The flower borne from its wildness home,
Sheds perfume for every land ;
And down-trodden genius, attains to a name
That wealth could never command.

“Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contention? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine. They that go to seek mixed wine.

“Look not thou upon the wine, when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.”—Proverbs 23
29, 32.

If the world were only better
If man would not stoop to sin ;
O, what glorious fruition,
In the land of might have been.

If it were not for temptation,
In her thousand varied forms ;
Men and angels scarce would differ,
Life would loose its fiercest storms.

If there were no gaming tables,
If there were no stakes to win,
E'en Faust and Mephistopheles
Might both have been honest men.

If 'twere not for drinking houses,
Where men sell the priceless soul;
Wealth, position, fame, distinction,
Drown within the flaming bowl.

Then might men though weak by nature,
Assert creations glorious plan;
Bearing thus the Maker's image,
Become the noble whole-souled man.

Alas, that in fair Eden grew,
That tempting tree, that tempting tree;
Whose root has spread in every form,
Whose fruit is death eternally.

So much in prelude, reader kind,
To introduce a story, true
And may the moral it conveys,
To man, be not soon lost to view.

'Tis of an artless little girl,
Whose faultless innocence and grace,
Spoke in each word and look and tone,
And shone from out her fair young face.

A drunkard's daughter, bitter thought,
To cloud for her life's early morn ;
Yet what sweet buds, what precious germs,
The lonely walks of life adorn.

A father, kind, when not in drink,
How many have we known just so ?
A mother, praying, weeping as
Only a mother's tears can flow.

O, alcohol, thou maddening curse,
Thou bane of every social bliss ;
Not all the woes that life attend,
Can fire the brain like unto this.

" If they wouldn't let him have it,"
And Mrs. Leslie wept again ;
" Oh ! If they wouldn't sell him liquor,
He'd be the very best of men."

" He never keeps it in the house,
And would be sober but it's plain ;
He cannot pass old Jenks' tavern,
Hard by the corner of the lane."

Thus spake she to a neighbor kind,
Of griefs that wore upon her frame ;
But sympathy can not assuage,
For wrongs that are a downright shame.

While they thus communed together,
A little girl of some ten years ;
Sat list'ning wrapt in earnest thought,
One sentence ringing in her ears.

“ If they would not sell him liquor,”
“ If Jenks would never sell him drink ; ”
Acting on the moment's impulse
Where went she reader do you think ?

Why stole she out so noiselessly,
Adown the hot and dusty road ;
With happy face, with lighter heart,
What think you lifted thence the load ?

Simply the thought, the earnest thought,
That she would for her father plead ;
She'd tell him not to sell him drink
And that was all that he would need.

O, artless child, O, innocence,
Would that all hearts, like thine were pure,
Then might this desert bud and bloom,
And love, throughout all time endure.

The laziest man in Milanville,
Was Jenks, who kept the Wayside Inn ;
Too proud to work, and yet such live,
Rolling in wealth and steeped in sin.

Here our little one bent her steps,
Her mind with noble purpose filled ;
Her inmost young Faith as great,
As His who wind and waters stilled.

Not long before a traveler came,
Dusty and worn, in need of rest ;
And sought the bar-room's vile retreat,
Of poor conveniences the best.

Have something to drink, the landlord said,
"I'll take a glass of water, please ;"
Jenks could not hide the sneering smile,
That tinged his face at words like these.

Down came the pitcher and the glass,
Upon the counter's polished face ;
While he in cool indifference, turned
His back on drink so out of place.

The stranger poured his tumbler full
Of nature's cool reviving draught ;
And drank it with the air of one,
Refreshed by every drop he quaffed.

" Good water that," landlord, he said,
" Is it? " Jenks looked contemptuously
" I call it good water, don't you? "
Our traveler said most courteously.

" I never drink water by itself,"
Jenks winked at a loafer there, " you see
It's so long since that I hardly know,
I forget how it tastes, don't you, Leslie? "

The man to whom this was addressed,
Was not so wholly lost to shame ;
But that he blushed and looked confused,
At the mere mention of his name.

Some chord within his soul was stirred,
For he replied with softened voice ;
“ It might be best for some of us,
If pure water had been our choice.”

“ A true word, spoken well my friend,”
Said the stranger, turning to the man ;
Whose swollen face and thread-bare clothes,
Spoke plainer far than language can
How terrible these vicious foes ?

“ The pure water is my motto,
Health, thrift and happiness attend ;
It does not take the children’s bread,
Nor yet the poor wives’ garments spend.”

None of that motley crew but paid,
Respect to all the stranger said ;
Save Jenks who feared his influence,
Lest his purse be more scanty fed.

But Jenks could not restrain himself,
Advancing to his side, he laid
One brawny hand upon his arm,
And in his hard, rude manner said,

“See here, my friend, you’d best adjourn,
To the Lecture-room or Town Hall;
This is no place for an address,
On Temperance the least of all.”

The stranger moved a pace or two,
Jenks’ words had failed in his defense;
“There must be something wrong,” he said,
“When praise of water gives offense.”

“You can adjourn your lecture, sir,”
The landlord’s face now fiery red,
Gleamed hot with passion’s ugly glow,
The stranger heeded not, but said,

“O, well as you are president
Of this meeting, I suppose,
You can exercise your judgment,
And dictate its time of close.”

“I never thought one could dislike,
The gift our father gave;
The pure, limpid, sparkling gift,
So free to all who crave.”

At this moment, a little child,
Walked timidly up to the bar,
Glancing neither to right or left.
One strong purpose her guiding star.

And lifting up her sweet young face,
Said, in tones that touched each heart,
Save that of the vile, debased man,
Of foul wickedness a part.

“Don’t sell papa, any liquor
Please, Mr. Jenks,” and the tender face
Shining out in its wealth of faith,
Acquired an added grace.

But nought touched the implacable heart
Of that monster of sin and crime
Who delights in orgies of human souls,
As draughts from the waters of time.

“Off home with you this instant,” girl,
Jenks advanced with uplifted hand;
But threats could not induce that child
To tremble at his loud command.

“ O, please don’t sir,” pleaded the child,
Not taking her eyes from his face ;
“ If you’d please not to sell to him,
Every time he passes this place,

Mother says there would be no trouble,
For he’s kind and good to us all,
If ’twere not for the drinks you sell,
Whenever he’s tempted to call.”

“ Off ! ” shouted Jenks now desperate,
His hand menacing o’er her head ;
The stranger caught her in his arms,
While he in deep emotion said,

“ God bless the child ; no, precious one,”
He added as she paused in fright ;
“ Don’t fear him, God is with your cause,
And he will aid you in his might.”

“ Plead for your father, plead for home,
And your petition shall be given ;
He’ll not deny the little ones,
Whom the angels behold in Heaven.”

“ If the father for whom she came,
On this errand were present now ;
If aught of manhood were left him,
’Twould assert supremacy now.”

“ Papa, O, papa,” cried the child,
Stretching out her little hands to him ;
One moment, she was in his arms,
While their eyes with happy tears were dim.

Oppressive stillness filled the room,
Jenks stood confused, his mind in doubt ;
Two or three loafers, lounging there,
With moistened eyes went slowly out,

Till the landlord, stranger, father and child,
Were left alone in the drunkards’ den ;
Alone, where homes had been valueless
In the eyes of wretched dissolute men.

“ Come Lizzie ’tis no place for us,”
Said Leslie, leading her to the door ;
“ Wait, papa, wait,” she quick replied.
“ For he did not promise me before.”

“ Promise her, in Heaven’s name, promise,”
Said the stranger ; “ promise ” Leslie spoke,
With solemn voice, “ O promise her : ”
“ My promised word I never broke.”

“ If I promise her I keep it,”
Jenks said, and threatening looks he gave.
“ For God’s sake promise,” Leslie cried,
“ But promise and I will be safe.”

“ Then be it so,” the landlord said,
“ May I be cursed if you I sell,
One drop of liquor this day forth,
My word, you know I keep it well.

“ God be thanked ! ” the drunkard cried,
As he led his daughter away ;
“ God be praised ! there is hope for me.
O, joy that I should see this day.”

Hardly had Mrs. Leslie missed the child,
When she saw her leading him in ;
“ Mother,” she cried with joy-lit face,
“ Father will never drink again.”

“ Mr. Jenks has promised,” hope revived,
In her heart, at the joyful sound ;
And her breath came thick and faster
Till she almost sank to the ground.

A pair of thin white hands were clasped,
An ashen face looked up in prayer ;
Eyes too happy for tears to flow,
Looked out in their thankfulness there.

“ There is hope,” were the only words
The poor inebriate said ;
Sincerity shone in every tone,
And the drunkard bowed his head.

“ Hope, O, Edward, you said the word,
Precious hope through our darling child ;
Her innocence has conquered vice,
And the will of a passion wild.

Next year a stranger came that way,
And he stopped at the same old inn ;
Jenks was behind his well-filled bar,
Retailing his portion in sin.

He called for a tumbler of water,
And drank it with hearty zest ;
Jenks knew the stranger before him,
But thought that silence was best.

The trav'ler made no reference
To the scene of the year before,
But observed through that day closely,
Each person that entered the door.

Not seeing Leslie among them,
He asked when the landlord came near ;
“ Where is the man and little girl
I saw on my last visit here ? ”

“ Gone to the Devil, for all I care ! ”
Was the landlord's rude reply ;
“ Do you see that little cottage there,
The shade of the woods close by ? ”

“ Two poplars tall, stand guard in front,
Leslie the man you know lives here ;
If he continues to do as well
He'll own it by another year.”

Thus a customer who retained
A spark of manhood unimpaired,
Spoke truthfully although each word
In his own condemnation shared.

“ Ah I see, but did Leslie try,
To buy a drink here since that day ? ”
“ Twice, I was here, saw him refused,
“ Ah ! poor Leslie was saved that way.”

“ I have seen him plead for a drink,
And drove with curses from the door ;
Come again and again to meet
The same reception as before.

“ Poor drunkards,” and the stranger mused
As with a deep sigh of relief ;
He rode past the little cottage,
And thought of that season of grief,

When a bright young innocent girl,
Plead with all her heart and soul ;
That her dear father, might be spared,
The damning curse of the bowl.

Now all law and protection sides,
With those who intice you to sin :
While Satan is urging without,
And the angel pleading within.

And can this be a Christian land,
Where in daylight such deeds are done,
Crimes that blacken historic page,
Dark spots on the disc of the sun ?

LIFE! A LESSON.

“Never-the-less afterwards, it worketh the peaceable fruits of Righteousness to them who are exorcised thereby.”

Only a little while,
So fast the moments fly ;
We think of them and sigh,
Too bright to last.

Even such is life,
Youths' sunny morn aglow
With loveliness almost divine ;
Fair picture, unclouded by a care ;
With music filled and song of birds —

But list! I see God's finger,
And the scene is changed;
Winged messengers flit through
The airy vault of Heaven.
God's thunder breaks the perfect harmony;
The angels weep at His command,
Fast fall their tears, the thirsty ground
Drinks up the sacred sacrament;
And lo! the sun breaks through and shines

Thus to our hearts
The Master speaks; we bend in awe
Before the power no eye hath seen,
Yet all must recognize.
Knowing that He who rules the storm,
And checks the elements at will,
Controls alike our destiny.

Tempest and storm
Alike shall cease, the burdened soul
Find sweet release, and through the thick
Dark clouds of woe, the sun of God
His face will show, in majesty divine.

God reigns
In every heart some misty tears;

No life can be all sunshine,
For unto each is given
His share of doubts and fears.

 The uplands,
And the lowlands, we must tread,
The dizzy heights in glory,
And the lowly vale in dust,
For both of them are requisite
To the immortal soul,
To perfect us in trust.

 And
When the journey of our life is done,
And we recount its perils
One by one ; and the wise Providence
That sent the darkening cloud,
The rain of sorrow, mist of tears ;
But made the sun shine brighter
To illumine our later years.

 And charity
God given attribute, sprang up
Within the heart and flourished,
Nurtured and watered by our tears.

 Else we had known

No sympathy for others than ourselves,
And love to God and man would find
Within the breast a living tomb.
Thanks to the eye that never sleeps,
And to the ear that is not closed,
Whose hand will never shortened be,
To save poor worms like you and me.

"If any man's work abide which he hath built, thereupon he shall receive a reward."—1 Corinthians, iii: 14

WITH ALL OF YOUR MIGHT.

In all the transactions of every-day life,
At home or abroad it is ever the same;
The duty of husband, the duty of wife,
The duty of him who is toiling for fame,
To first ascertain that the motive is right,
Then do what you do, with all of your might.

Do you labor for those depending on you?
Then labor in earnest, as God is your friend;
Do all of your duty in work and in prayer,

The crown of *success* will your labor attend.
With love at the helm the way will seem bright,
Then do what you do with all of your might.

Do you toil with brain or follow the plough?
At workshop or anvil, or where-e'er you please,
The promise is made, by the sweat of thy brow;
Then think not that life is made up of ease.
With a purpose in view, and conscience all right
You should do what you do with all of your
might.

There is no scaling the ladder of fame,
And gaining the top at one single bound;
But he who would win an immortal name,
Toils up the acclivities round after round.
Then keeping your object ever in sight,
Continue to do, with all all of your might

TELL ME OF JERUSALEM.

Lines respectfully inscribed to Rev. Philander Hathaway,
of Carbondale, Pa.

"Look upon Zion, the city of our Solemnities; thine eyes shall see Jerusalem, a quiet habitation." Isaiah 33, 20.

Pilgrim on the western slope,
Where the sunlight loves to cling;
Faith has led thee, flowers of hope
At thy feet are blossoming.
You have trod this vale before,
Met grim doubts a host of them;
Tell me shall I find the way?
Shall I reach Jerusalem?

You whose feet have pressed Mount Zion,
Who have met and vanquished sin!
Tell me if I reach the door,
Is there room for me within?
If my strength should but endure,
If I should the torrent stem,
Will these eyes behold His glory?
Shall I see Jerusalem?

Brother you have cheered with counsel,
The desponding on your way ;
'Till the cross they bore in meekness,
Changed to crowns of bright array ;
But my soul is all unworthy,
Heavenly crown or diadem ;
All I ask is Faith to conquer,
Grace to reach Jerusalem !

Oh ! that in my Father's mansion,
Were prepared a *place* for me !
O, the glory of Mount Zion,
Blessed are the eyes that see !
Blessed are the feet though weary,
Who the tide of sin can stem ;
And renouncing vain ambition,
Hope to reach Jerusalem.

I will sing unto the Lord, because he hath dealt bountifully with me."—Psalms
13, 6.

The song that I sing is a sorrowful one,
For the heart of the singer is sad ;
Yet I know there is *rest* when our labor is done,
And a home where the weary are glad.
What matter it then, if a few years of pain,
Mark our lonely pilgrimage here,
We know that our loss is but heavenly gain,
A blessing revealed in a tear.

Then blessed is the heart, tho' sad, yet can sing,
Of the joys that await him in store
Whose strong hope and faith will undauntedly
 cling
To God's promises, asking no more.
Then chain him to Pindar, and bind him to
 Earth,
Or fetter his limbs as you will ;
The immortal mind that has heavenly birth,
Will assert its own freedom still.

Thus my mind wanders free, though by the
flesh chained,
And the monarch that sits on his throne,
With his cringing minions around him ar-
raigned,
Might well envy the freedom I own ;
The bird that but chirps in its morning of life,
At eventide sings her sweet song ;
And so may my notes, though with discord-
ance rife,
To a heavenly chorus belong.

I KNOW THAT I SHALL BE HAPPY.

“Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.”—ISAIAH lx: 20.

I know that I shall be happy,
When the work of the day is done ;
And slowly from life's window
I watch the setting sun ;

I shall not look out with fear,
Nor backward with regret,
For the dawning of that morning
Whose sun shall never set.

I know that I shall be happy,
When my barque has gained the shore,
Where the angry foaming billows
Shall never threaten more;
And looking over the stormy waste
My barque has surely come,
I will praise the Almighty power
That led me safely home.

I know that I shall be happy,
When my weary feet have trod,
All the long and painful journey
Appointed by my God;
I shall not look back with longing,
To the pleasures of my youth;
His Grace is all sufficient,
And I know His word is truth.

I know that I shall be happy,
Yes! I feel the foretaste now;
I rejoice to see the traces
Of care upon my brow;
For so surely they tell me,
Of battles fought and won,
Of the Spirit's inward yearning,
Of a mission almost done.

I know that I shall be happy,
And expectantly I wait,
For the Pilot who will guide me
Safe into the golden gate.
I trust that He will not tarry
And I listen for His feet;
For When I shall feel His presence
My journey will be complete.

I know that I shall be happy,
When with that ransomed throng,
I see my Blessed Savior,
And listen to the song,

Of all the holy angels,
And it may be that my voice
Will join in that grand chorus
When the Heavens shall rejoice.

“Behold, I bring Him forth to you, that ye may know that I find no fault in Him.”—JOHN xix: 4.

Me thinks I see the ribald crowd,
Hear the coarse jest, the idle song,
Eager to sacrifice their Lord,
And caring not for right or wrong.
I see the gentle Savior led
By Pilate forth to meet His doom;
A crown of thorns upon His head,
His manner one of deepest gloom.

Beaten and scourged with many stripes,
Reviled, reviling not again;
He stands before that surging throng,
Much fairer than the sons of men.

No wonder Pilate's heart was moved,
That deep compassion filled his soul;
No wonder that he plead for Him,
With yearnings he could not control.

But pre-ordained to suffer death,
Resigned to do the Master's will;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And shall we crucify Him still?
Was ever love like unto this?
The sinless doth for sin atone;
Truly, the Friend of sinners is
The truest friend that man has known.

Shall we reject His proffered love—
This Brother, Councillor and Friend,
Who never failed in sorest need,
On whom we always can depend?
Or shall we early seek His face,
Lest He should cease to call us more,
And while He still in mercy pleads,
Go open wide to Him the door.

Unlearned and poor, he'll not despise
The feeblest effort we may make ;
He reads our motives, and can tell
If we but do it for his sake.
No fault was ever found in him,
The same forever as to-day ;
Unchanged 'till time shall cease to be,
'Till Heaven and earth shall pass away.

“ And ‘The Books’ were opened.”—REVELATIONS XX: 12.

When our life on earth is ended,
When we lay our burdens by ;
When the casket has grown useless,
And the soul has fled on high,
We shall see the Blessed Savior,
Seated on the Great White Throne :
We shall see the dead arisen ;
We shall know as we are known.

At the knowledge of his presence,
Heaven and earth shall flee away ;
And no sin can stand before him,
Where the just shine as the day ;

Then the *Books* shall all be opened,
And the Judge shall read aloud,
All the record of the mighty,
Of the haughty, and the proud.

There the "Book of Sighs," revealing
All our longing and our fear;
All the strivings of the spirit,
When temptations would appear,—
Every silent aspiration,
Every prayer borne on a sigh,
We shall find them all recorded
In that Ledger kept on high.

When the "Book of Tears" is opened,
'Twill not be to our disgrace,
If o'er sin and sorrow, brother,
They have often dimmed our face;
But if we through stern unfeeling,
Caused another's heart to ache,
If the happiness of others,
Has been bartered for our sake.

Know that He who never slumbers,
Has recorded in that Book
Every mean advantage taken,
Every proud and haughty look.
And there is a day of Reckoning,
When the Judge sums the amount,
And will call us, though unwilling,
For to balance our account.

Then a "Book of Slander" also,
Will be opened to our shame;
If by any word or action,
We have winked away a name.
And God will not hold us guiltless,
Though the world esteem us fair;
While the pit yawns for a victim,
He shall fall who spreads a snare.

But there is a Book, whose pages,
Shall record our good deeds done;
Every good word, thought or action,
Battle fought or victory won.

No deed *small*, but is recorded,
And credit given for the same;
Even to the cup of water
Given in a disciple's name.

When the "Book of Life" is opened,
O, what silence then will reign;
Ages crowded into moments,
Moments seem an age of pain,—
While we listen, mute, expectant,
Every breath a silent prayer,
'Till our Judge in "loving kindness,"
Finds our poor names written there.

"BEAUTIFUL THINGS."

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth Salvation, that saith unto Zion, Thy God Reigneth!" —ISAIAH lii: 7.

What is beautiful to behold?

That which pleases the ear and eye?
Or that which wakes some nobler thought,
Within our breast, we know not why?

That which can please the sight alone,
Will evanescent pass away ;
While noble thoughts will beautify,
And smile from out the plainest clay.

The world may find in fashion's round,
Some gaudy, rich and costly flower ;
Its beauty has no charms for me,
'Twill fade within the passing hour.

Poets may sing of lovely maids,
That dwell afar in Eastern lands ;
And lovers woo on bended knees,
Their fair Madonna's jeweled hands.

Give me the *hand*, though plain and brown,
That patient labors day by day ;
Not for itself, but others' good,
And from the *poor* turns not away.

The *hand* that soothes the brow of care,
Though toiling for its daily bread,
Performs a mission nobler far,
Than fairest palm by fashion led.

And beautiful the homely *feet*,
That oft on Mercy's errands run ;
Though weary of their rugged way,
Faint not until the goal is won.

There may be brows serenely fair,
Worthy a sculptor's noblest art ;
Faces unclouded by a care,
Whose beauty forms their crowning part.

Give me the beauty of the soul,
Though not in worldly jewels set ;
More beautiful by far to me,
Than diadem or coronet.

“Whatsoever you do, do it heartily as to the Lord, and not unto men.”—
COL. iii : 23.

So spake Apostle Paul of old,
Who walked by Faith and not by Light ;
A Shepherd of the Heavenly fold,
Who labored hard for truth and Right.

Not lukewarm in His Father's cause,
Living for self and selfish ends ;
But toiling for God's righteous laws,
On whom the fate of man depends.

How oft in carrying our cross,
We quite forget the Almighty hand,
Who counting earthly gain but loss,
These very self denials planned.
And we our work but half perform,
Hoping some easier task to find ;
Not knowing that the cloud and storm,
Are workings of a Master mind.

Much of our time has passed away,
How small the task that we have done ;
So soon will come the close of day,
So fast indeed the moments run.
Christian, is there no work to do ?
In which your heart can enter in ?
Are there not those yet dear to you,
Still walking in the ways of sin.

Help me to reach a willing hand,
And all I do, do with my might;
So short the time at my command,
So fast day merges into night.
And well I know, I cannot do,
One-half the work I would have done;
The span of life seems to my view,
But as the time from sun to sun.

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

“My times are in Thy hand.”—PSALMS xxxi: 15.

There's a beautiful land
Very fair to my view;
And I almost imagine I see
On that far distant strand
All the friends that I knew
There watching and waiting for me.

O, the way may seem long,
And my path may be drear;
But I know the end will be peace,

I shall join in their song,
When He dries every tear,
And giveth my spirit release.

Of what use is renown,
To poor mortals who live,
'Mid the changing scenes of to-day;
When He giveth a crown,
Which the world cannot give,
And bless God cannot take away.

I will patiently wait,
All His will has decreed;
For I know His judgment is just;
In His hand is my fate,
For He seeth my need,
He knoweth my frame is but dust.

He will lead me I know,
For I trust in his grace;
Through evil report, and through good;
All along as I go
His kind care I can trace
In trials He near me hath stood

Then what have I to fear,
In the future untried ;
He will mete out my strength as my day ;
When the dark hour draws near
He will stand by my side,
To bear my freed spirit away.

“THE BOW OF PROMISE.”

Hope on, brave heart, no fears should fleck
Thy horizon to-day ;
I know that clouds obscured thy morn,
But they are past away.
The spirit born amid deep gloom,
And heavy clouds of sorrow ;
Must look aloft to Hope's bright bow,
And wait the coming morrow.

What mean these clouds of doubt, that rise
With angry, frowning mien ?
God's hand o'er ruleth all, faint heart,
His wonders we have seen.

From out the depths of dark despair,
We much of good may borrow ;
And trusting in His grace to-day,
Become His heirs to-morrow.

Be not dismayed, poor heart, to find
Life, a tempestuous ocean ;
For Faith *has* calmed the tempest's rage,
And stilled the waves' commotion.
Lo ! when the storm its power has spent,
The wailing winds their sorrow ;
Nature displays her bow through tears,
A promise of to-morrow.

Though life is short, the way so dark,
We know not what's in store ;
We labor zealously in hope,
And can do nothing more.
Lift up thy drooping soul, faint heart,
Be not cast down of sorrow ;
The sun may set in clouds to-day,
'Twill rise again to-morrow,

"Seek ye out of the Book of the Lord, and read."—ISAIAH xxxiv: 16.

Books have been styled in every age,
The truest, holiest friends of youth ;
From out whose fair, unsullied page,
We read heroic deeds of truth.

In silence speak they to the eye,
That window from which looks the soul ;
Some chord is touched, we scarce know why,
Yet we obey in mute control.

Great men have lived and passed away,
The scenes they knew, now know them not ;
But in their works they live to-day,
And through them, shall not be forgot.

Death is a ranger, bold and free,
Each day some shining mark is riven ;
The hand is dust, its work we see,
Immortal as the stars of heaven.

One Book there is whose very name,
Has power to hush the impious throng;
Wild revelers are put to shame,
And fearlessly denounce the wrong.

That Book has stood the test of time,
For it good men were torture wrung;
The same in every land and clime,
And nationality and tongue.

These are the Books that men have writ,
Inspired by the Holy One;
Without the lamp of zeal He lit,
No nobler works were ever done,

And there is one, our heritage,
That all should read and understand;
So vast, indeed, each leafy page,
The work of an Almighty hand.

“And he denied Him, saying, I know Him not!”—LUKE xxii: 57.

Who stood by thee in sorest need?
And ne'er refused for thee to plead,
Nor proud though far as heaven above,
Didst give thee more than mortal love.
If sick, or sad, or sore depressed,
Where did your troubled soul find rest?
And yet you would deny this friend,
Rather than bear the jeers of men.
Thou knowest them false, thou knowest me
true.

Hath sin dominion over you?
It seemeth so, or to this heart,
Thou would'st not act the liar's part.
Peter denied his Lord you see,
Then went and wept most bitterly;
But floods of tears could not erase,
That look upon the Savior's face.

“ And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it.” — GENESIS ii: 3.

I thank Thee, Lord ! for this beautiful day,
This holy Sabbath of thine ;
I thank thee ! that over my sin-burdened way,
The sun is permitted to shine.
The insects and birds, a myriad throng,
Are chanting from flower and tree ;
All nature unites thy praise to prolong,
But man is unmindful of thee !

I thank Thee, Lord ! that thy merciful hand,
Hath led me with tenderest care ;
And I in the midst of this beautiful land
Am permitted Thy bounty to share.
The earth distilleth her gentle dew,
The rain and the sunlight are free ;
Such blessings as these we constantly view,
And still are unmindful of Thee !

I thank thee for life, contentment and health,
For a thousand blessings untold ;
For friendship, itself, far richer than wealth,
And better, far better than gold.

I wonder much that the works of thy hand,
These eyes are permitted to see.
That flowers bloom at my feet as I stand,
And I so unmindful of thee!

O, crush from my heart, every feeling of pride!
Bow me low in the dust at thy feet!
Lay open to view the sins I would hide,
And make thy correction complete!
Thy favors of mercy, Lord, I attest,
Let me still their recipient be;
Yet one more I crave, with faith for the rest,
O, *make me* more mindful of thee!

“CHECKMATED.”

“Lest thou shouldst ponder the path of life, her ways are movable, that thou canst not know them.”—PROVERBS v : 6.

Checkmated! yes, our very life,
Is meted out with crosses, checked
With hopes and fears, while pain
Robs joy of half its promised bliss,

E'er yet the cheek is cold, from love's first kiss.

While nature's God
Stamps on the human face, the signet
Seal of truth, and writes his image there.
Deceit within the human heart, has birth
And fosters many a snare.

As oft we gaze
Upon some beauteous bloom, some
Gorgeous lily, clothed in verdant loveliness,
Or fragrant holly, bursting from
Perennial stem, only to note the fell
Destroyer's power; that durst, amid,
Such vernal loveliness, lift its destroying
Head, and sap life's current with a fiendish joy,
And through its whole existence, live
But to destroy.

But such is life,
And in the heart is born,
Envy and malice, jealousy and hate,
Rank weeds of rapid growth, that spring
Up quickly in an evil hour,
And almost choke the nobler sentiment,
For love is such a tender

Plant, it will not thrive neglected and alone,
It needs the sunshine of a generous soul
To ripen and to beautify, else will it perish
In the wilderness of shadows, oppressed by
 doubt
And fear.

 O, I have seen the ivy
To the the tall oak cling, and reaching out
Its tendrils, twine around the topmost
Bough; and over all its knarls and scars
Her soft green mantle fling.

 And I have said,
O, doubly blest the oak and ivy too,
For *one* must spread, and *one* must cling,
And both are fair to view.

 And I have seen it cling
To earth, to rocks, and fallen trees,
Blinded with dust and trodden down
Yet adhering tenaciously.
And scorching suns, would pour
Their withering rays, and ruthless feet
Would tread; no massive trunk to shield
The tender vine, no sheltering arms o'erhead.

'Tis but a simile of life,
Enacted o'er again ; with woman's heart
The clinging vine, that man's hard nature
Would enshrine ; and if, perchance
Bound down to earth, to idols made
Of sordid clay, or nature's hardened, cold
And stern, wherein no sympathetic chord
Responds in answering symphony.

O, such a lot were hard, indeed,
To find the diamond we had prized
So dearly, but a meager flint ;
The gold but tinsel, little worth,
The good unformed, the bad innate ;
Farther apart, than pole to pole,
Are love and uncongenial soul.

Slow perishes love,
When daily viewed, through doubts cold spec-
trum.

"Vile distrust ;" lacking that perfect trust,
That tender care, it dies ;
And to the soul's perceptive eye,
Die with it all things fair.

DRIFTING.

Reprobate Silver shall men call them, because the Lord hath rejected them."—
JEREMIAH vi: 30.

Did you never note the drift-wood
That dots the shifting scene,
Pausing along the river's bank
Like an idler in a dream,
Until the swelling current
Bears them swiftly down the stream?
These are the wrecks, the floating wrecks
That dot the shores of time;
The foul, offensive, loathsome spots
That fill our land with crime.

Men say, the world grows better,
Would it indeed were so!
We lack faith to believe it,
And face the facts we know;
Crime dwells in such high places,
Its sanctity to show.

We sometimes ask why these things are,
And find no answer given ;
Sure deeds so black can never gain
A passport into Heaven.

God shapes our destiny 'tis said,
And I believe it's true ;
I've seen the workings of His hand,
And so no doubt have you,
For wealth cannot forever cheat
Stern Justice of her due.
And men who climb the dizzy height
Of honor and renown,
And then betray their sacred trust,
Are surely stepping down.

THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS.

“For the ways of man, are before the eyes of the Lord, and he pondreth all his goings.”—PROVERBS, v: 21.

TRAVELER :

How far is it to happiness, pray?
I have traveled the road day after day,
The guide boards to pleasure are seen all
the way,
And yet I have never found it.
It cannot be I have gone too fast,
I have sought nothing else from first to last,
And yet the right way I must have passed
For I never yet have found it.

GUIDE :

You took the way of *folly and sin*,
'Tis the way most all the world walks in;
And the goal, my friend, you can never win,
For the day is fast declining.

And if I should now direct you aright,
You could not reach there, friend, for the
 night
Advancing fast would obscure the light,
And leave you alone repining.

TRAVELER :

But can I not cut across the style,
And shorten the road by many a mile?
If I could but reach there after awhile,
 My efforts I would redouble.
I wish that my life had been well spent,
To wander so far was not my intent,
For the life God gave me He never meant
 Was to end in toil and trouble.

GUIDE :

You have indeed, made a sad mistake,
And thousands more the same will make,
Who follow like you in pleasure's wake
 Regardless how 'twill cease;
'Till warned at last by the close of day,
That the lingering moments will not stay,
They seek hard to find some other way
 To happiness and peace.

NOT FOR ME.

"For all our days are passed away in thy wrath; We spend our years as a tale
that is told."—PSALM XC: IX:

Not for me the joys that spring
From a heart untouched by care;
Merry as the birds at wing,
Blithesome as the summer air.
Other hearts may feel thy glow,
Other bosoms thrill with joy;
But for me *too* well I know
There's no bliss without alloy.

Not for me the home of mirth,
Gaiety and festive scene;
Pleasure there may have her birth,
Pain and sorrow intervene.
Revel in inglorious ease,
The best gifts of fortune waste;
Mirth will lose her power to please,
Pall and sicken to the taste.

Not for me delusive hope,
 Guilding o'er each passing dream;
The mind requires a wider scope
 Than fancy's wild uncertain gleam.
She builds for me no gorgeous fane,
 For me no airy castles high;
Her smiles of joy are wreathed with pain,
 Her *promised* pleasures soonest die.

Not for me the wreath of fame
 Ill befits a careworn brow;
Let aspirants for a name
 Claim the treasure you endow.
Toiling *worth* must bear reviling,
 Genius rarely ever shines,
Cheek now wins, and fortune smiling,
 Poet Laureate entwines.

Not for me is *friendship* holy,
 Such as I would give or claim;
Selfish passions ruling wholly,
 Now have made it but a name.

Love! The soul's untarnished gift,
I would sing thy praise aloud;
Thou art like a sunny rift
In a passing April cloud.

Not for me are fortune's favors,
Care I if she smile or frown;
Whether she award my labors,
Or deny me fair renown?
When our pilgrimage is over,
And the soul immortal flown,
I'd prefer rude nature's cover
To the sculptured marble stone.

Not for me the joyous song
Of the warblers in their glee,
Caged and pining Oh, so long!
Will the spirit e'er be free?
Shall I ever roam at will
On the light and airy wing?
"Not for me!" Fate whispers still,
"Learn contentedly to sing."

Not for me does nature shed
All her loveliness around ;
I see faces of the dead,
And solemn burial ground.
Spring for me returns no more,
For me no flowerets bloom ;
This for me, when life is o'er,
The silence of the tomb.

“ By whom also we have access by *faith*, into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God ”—ROMANS, v : 2.

LINES INSCRIBED TO REV. OLIVER CRANE, D. D.

Thanks ! kindly friend, thy wish requires
From me to thee a like return ;
Thy beaming face my soul inspires,
While reverent thoughts within me burn.
I see, or seem to see thee kneel
Beside the couch of stricken grief ;
Hearts, that like thine, for others feel,
In consolation find relief.

'Tis thine to heal the silver chord,
When once the golden bowl is broken ;
The voice of Grace can strength afford
When other words would fail if spoken.
'Tis true the poet tunes her lyre,
And sings the measure of her days ;
Perchance her strains may *hope* inspire,
While some will blame and others praise.

But when the minister of grace
Remembers with the voice of prayer,
Each member of the human race,
And I am not forgotten there ;
Straightway it stirs my very soul,
The chords of feeling thrill anew,
The inward voice that should control
Speaks forth undaunted, firm and true.

The prayer of faith brings its reward,
With Faith our watchword, landmark, place ;
Each weak petition to the Lord,
Finds mercy at the throne of grace.

Be *faith* thy *hope*, thy watchword here,
And when eternity is riven,
The *faith* that stayed the mourner's tear
Shall ope the pearly gates of heaven.

AUTUMN.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—
PSALM XC: 12.

O, the glorious splendor
Of these autumn days,
Vain are all my efforts
Half to speak thy praise;
But thy regal beauty
Hath a touch of pain,
For thy varnished glories
May not come again.

Dear departed summer
Mourn we at thy bier,
While like tears are falling
Yellow leaves and sear.

Many joys we've tasted
During thy brief reign,
Sweet associations
Cluster round thy name.

Hearts and hands united,
Vows of love have spoken,
Forming links I trust that
Never shall be broken.
But the years will change us,
Human hopes are vain;
And of all we cherish
Nothing shall remain.

But the God who formed us
Fashioned us from clay,
That we might acknowledge
All His love to-day.
Then blessed be our God,
Hallowed be His name;
Who 'mid all life's changes
Ever is the same.

AWAKENING.

"I will make a man more precious than fine gold; even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir."—ISAIAH xlii: 12.

All men have idols
At whose shrine they bow,
And daily offer up those nobler impulses
Of soul, that should belong to God alone.

They are not molten by the hand,
Or worshiped by a heathen few;
But high and low, and rich and poor,
Sinner and saint, all hold within
Themselves some secret sin,
And glory in its triumph o'er the soul.

I had *my* idol,
A man in God's own image formed,
A man above all other men,
Who, from the height he stood,
Could never stoop to do an act
Unworthy of his calling.

In him I saw
All that was good and noble among men;

True piety, that daily sought
The throne of grace, not for himself alone,
But that the world, through prayers
Of *Faith* might yet be saved.

I had
The bitter lesson yet to learn,
That not through *faith alone*,
But by our works, the Lord omnipotent
Shall judge our erring souls !

For though
Rahab, by faith was saved
From everlasting punishment,
In the world to come, yet entered not
Into the rest prepared for those
Who work the will of God.

Time, and the study
Of God's word have taught me
These all important truths,
Yet long I worshiped Him,
Whom I believed God's perfect
Handiwork in man.

I did not dream
That one on whom nature had bestowed

Her every gift with lavish hand,
Possessing a soul keenly alive
To every sense of wrong;
Seeing the faults of others,
And the rocks on which their hopes
Were wrecked, could yet be warped
By passions base, and overcome of sin.

Yet this I learned
For wisdom grows with age, and youth
Is but the seed-time of maturer years.

Behold my idol now,
But ah! How changed!

The bay I twined
Upon his forehead, withered dead,
The bright gold of his nature
Turned to dross. Sad awakening
From a dream so sweet

To stern reality.
Is Paganistic creed more false than ours?
They worship gods of wood and stone,
And we, the mammon of unrighteousness.
Lord, cleanse us from this gathering dross,
Make us to see our own, as well

As other's faults, now I behold
The mote that's in a brother's eye.
Lord! help me cast
The beam from out my own!

“Let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.”—GALATIANS vi: 9.

The world is full of lessons taught,
If we would but believe them;
The air is full of blessings fraught,
If we would but receive them.
And many a treasure rich and rare
Through nature's wise provision,
We'd gather if we had a care,
From youth's fair fields Elysian.

The birds that sang, the flowers that grew,
Conveyed their silent lesson;
The violets tipped with pearly dew
Nodded in adoration.

Each wrote upon the plastic mind,
What time could not erase,
A moral of a wondrous kind,
That nothing could efface.

Those scenes that happened years ago
Are present with me now,
And once when fever laid me low
And burned my pallid brow,
I felt the anxious breath of those
Who hovered round my bed,
And knew the door stood ajar
Between me and the dead.

The clock upon the shelf was all
That natural seemed to be;
And though I could not speak, it strove
To hold converse with me.
It spoke in such a solemn way
When all was still at night,
And seemed to say as plain as day,
Do right, do right, do right.

And though long years have passed since then,
I never can forget
Those monetary voices heard
In childhood linger yet.
And no temptation can allure,
With scenes however bright,
For memory in faithfulness
Repeats the words, do right.

“HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.”

On the death of my beloved husband, who departed this life at Arkadelphia, Arkansas, September 26th, 1882.

He was our life, our joy, our pride,
For him we would have gladly died;
Wise counsellor, true husband, friend,
We grieve over thy untimely end,
Forgetting in our anguish deep,
“God Giveth His Beloved Sleep.”

Forgetting that no care or pain
Can waste that form, or wrack that brain;
Delusive hope no more may charm,

Nor disappointment give alarm ;
While we in tears must sow and reap,
“ He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.”

How bright our home have used to been,
E'er death's dark angel entered in ;
Our band was strong, our union sweet,
For yet our circle was complete ;
But cease, O, heart, thy anguish deep,
“ He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.”

He giveth sleep and rest from pain,
For weary heart and throbbing brain ;
His love doth beautify the tomb,
While robbing death of half its gloom.
His promise was, to those who weep,
“ He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.”

We miss the form, we miss the smile,
We miss a voice that cheered the while ;
Grim death is but an open door,
That leads to loved ones gone before ;
He rests from pain, for whom we weep,
In Jesus doth our darling sleep.

O, turn thine eyes to "Zion's hill,"
There 'mid the sunlight, calm and still,
All undisturbed by mortal woes,
Our loved one sleeps in sweet repose;
While we, repining, idly weep,
"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."

LITTLE THINGS.

"There be four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise."
—PROVERBS XXX: 24.

The little things, the little things
That make the sun of life,
So unimportant, yet their wings
With messages are rife.
They occupy our daily care,
They fill life's little span,
And out of them is wove with prayer
The destiny of man.

A sunbeam shot athwart the sky,
By angry storm clouds riven,

Pointing a wanderer's thought on high
To Him who dwells in heaven.
Into a sad, dejected heart
The precious sunlight fell;
It warmed and quickened every part,
And saved a soul as well.

A little unassuming flower
In some neglected spot,
Has cheered the weary, passing hour,
When gaudier blooms were not.
So God, in accidental way
His love to us reveals,
And even in the darkest day
Some ray of sunlight steals.

Strange that upon so small a space,
Events important turn;
And even all the human race
This *one* great lesson learn,
That no good deed will ever die,
Howe'er so small it be,
'Tis drawing interest on high,
Through all eternity.

A glowing thought, let loose one day,
Like a bird from out its prison,
That soared through the air away,
An immortal spark uprisen.
Not born to die, though flesh may fail,
And dust to dust be given;
A chastened mind will rend the vail,
Dividing earth from heaven.

LIFE'S LESSONS.

“I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go.”—PSALM 32:8.

Take good care of the minutes,
That fly away so fast;
Each follows on the other,
And soon will come the last.
Did you ever note the lessons,
That unconsciously they teach?
To improve the golden present,
For the *Past* we cannot reach.

Listen to these silent teachers,
Though they never speak a word,
In the silence of your own heart
Their voice is often heard.
If you obey their teachings
And reverence them still,
Not all the powers of darkness
Could mould you to their will.

And what a host of lessons,
If we would only look,
Dame nature now is teaching
From out her leafy book.
O, the earth is full of beauty!
And the world is very fair;
'Tis the work of our Creator
And His love is every-where.

And there is another lesson,
We unconsciously receive,
From the force of the example,
Of the friends whom we believe;

And they have a purer reflex,
Or they cast a deeper shade
Over what was pure and lovely
In the image God has made.

And experience is another
Of our teachers old and gray ;
Who of all of our instructors,
Has the very least to say.
And the lessons that she teaches,
Are not lost upon us here,
Though for much of her instruction
We are apt to pay *too* dear.

How many ways our Father takes,
To reach the human heart ;
Until unconscious of His power
He reigns in every part.
“ Life’s lessons,” will but just be learned
At setting of the sun,
And what a privilege ‘twill be,
To hear him say, well done !

LINES

WRITTEN UPON A SERMON DELIVERED IN WAYMART, PA.,
BY REV. F. GENDALL, FROM THE TEXT,

“Leaving us an example, that we should follow His steps.” 1st. PETER 2:21.

In His life of patient trust,
Condescending to the dust ;
In his love for fallen man
Mark the wisdom of his plan,
Taking on himself, our sins,
Even in the grave, he wins.
O, what grace we find in thee !
Noblest gift humanity.

•None to whom the World gave birth
E'er were perfect on this earth ;
Thy brightest page, historic fame,
Is sullied by a tinge of shame ;
But thou incarnate Son of God,
Who alone, the Wine Press trod ;
Unto thee it had been given
To be pure as the stars in Heaven.

Seek no earthly model then,
Though he be "king among men;"
Fair the outward, yet within,
Still there lurks the monster, Sin.
And we never shall be free,
From this guilt and misery,
Until we have gained the shore
Where temptation lurks no more.

What then shall my duty be?
'Till my Lord shall summon me?
Put away all earthly pride,
Let *love* all my actions guide;
To the fallen, reach a hand,
Point them to the Better land;
So shall Faith and Hope and Love .
Win for thee a home above.

"Whatsoever a man Soweth —That shall he also reap."—Gal. 6:7:

Sow *flowers*, my friends ! sow *flowers*
 Thorns spring without your care ;
Sow blessings like the summer showers,
 That purify the air.

How many poisonous weeds have grown,
 From envies bitter root ?
Where Eden's flowers had they been sown,
 Would yielded golden fruit.

How many rankling thorns have sprung,
 Around the paths of youth ?
Instead of Wisdom's flowers among
 Fair friendship love and truth.

The *lowest* born, the *humblest* cot
 May hide a heaven-born germ ;
Then cherish it, Oh, spurn it not,
 Their's may be your's in turn.

The very dust beneath your feet,
Conceals the flowery seed ;
Oh ! crush it not, lest in its stead.
Should come the noxious weed.

Sow flowers ! my friends, sow flowers ;
Thorns spring without your care ;
Sow blessings, like the summer showers,
That purify the air.

How many wild, distracting tears,
And many vain regret,
Have clouded o'er the passing years,
' Till life in darkness set ?

The truest heart by friendship stirred,
And loving accents spoken,
Have sunk beneath the bitter word
Forever crushed and broken.

The wasted years in solitude
From friendships tie apart,
Can never wake to gratitude
A lonely broken heart.

Is there no Balm for mortal woe?

No healing Balsam found?

But only at dark Marah's flow,

The bitter spring abound?

If there's reward for Christlike souls,

If there are crowns in Heaven?

To him who greatest wrong controls

That starry crown be given.

Sow flowers, then, friends, sow flowers;

Thorns spring *without* your care;

Sow blessings like the summer showers,

That purify the air!

“ALL IS WELL!”

When our mother Earth shall claim,

This poor weary, worn out frame

Shall the soul live on the same?

Who can tell?

If to Jesus we have given,
Many a thought on this side Heaven,
When the vail of Life is riven,
All is well !

If our hearts have always been
Striving 'gainst the monster sin,
Though we did not always win,
Who can tell ?
If upon that ledger high,
Kept above the starry sky,
Stand recorded, you and I,
All is well !

Not one tear was shed in vain,
Wrung in anguish or in pain
Will it not be all made plain ?
Who can tell ?
When we stand before the king,
When we all our record bring
Shall we not have cause to sing,
All is well ?

Now we mourn an earnest friend,
In whom Christian grace's blend,
Though thy warfares at an end

Who can tell?

But thy many virtues rare,
Earnest deeds and life of prayer,
Warn us also to prepare

While tis well!

Not as through a glass shall we,
All his loving kindness see,
Death unravels mystery,

Who can tell?

Grievous is our cross to-day,
Yet we trust like him to say,
When the mists have rolled away,

All is well!

I KNOW!

"My Times are in Thy hand."—PSALM 31:15.

I know not when the hour will come,
That shall free my spirit from care ;
I know not how, or in what way,
He will come in answer to prayer
But this I know I am ready to go,
When ever the time or the place ;
I know that his Love is sufficient for me,
If I but rely on his Grace.

I know not the path I shall tread,
Or the thousand devious ways ;
I know not the trials that wait,
To attend me all of my days
But I know I must patiently bear
All His righteous will has in store ;
He knoweth what trials I need,
And He will require no more.

I know not if joy or if pain,
 My larger portion shall be?
I know not my own strength to bear,
 What fate has allotted to me.
But I know He will temper the winds,
 And the adverse tides at His will;
And e'er I give way to despair
 He will bid the wild waves, be still!

I know not how soon I shall see,
 My latest sun sink in the west;
I know not how many the leagues,
 Between me and the city of Rest.
But *I know*, through the days that remain,
 E'er I shall my journey complete;
I'll watch the decline of the sun,
 And long for the sound of His feet!

“This is not your Rest.”—MICAH 2:10.

“There Remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.”—HEBREWS 4:9.

“Arise ye and depart!”

Why should you longer stay?
The Master bids us hence
From all these scenes away.
And we shall all be changed,
In the twinkling of an eye;
The mortal to immortal,
The good to realms on high.

For this is not our *rest*,
Though home may pleasant be;
We cannot tarry here,
With friends that now we see
The hand of change will mar,
The brightest, fairest scene,
And twixt our fondest hopes
A stern fate intervene.

Then let our thoughts arise,
From earth, and earthly things.

Why is it that the heart,
To such frail fabric clings ?
Beyond the things of time,
Beyond these changing skies ;
There may we look for rest,
With Faith that never dies.

The World with all its joys,
Will please us but in part ;
In after years 'twill fail,
To satisfy the heart.
Our life is like the sea,
That cannot be at *rest*,
Until our barque is moored
In the Harbor of the Blest !

OVER THE WATERS.

“He being dead yet speaketh.”—HEBREWS 11:4.

There comes the voice of millions,
Bowed o’er their fallen chief, a nation
Weeps, awe stricken, for her chosen son ;
While kindred nations join her grief.
Wherever Love for truth and right,
Hath dwelling place in the breast of men,
Will live the deeds of the noble Czar
While true men mourn for their fellow-man.

And well may our nation
Sympathize with Russia, in this deep,
Dark hour of gloom, for was it not
The fell assassins ruthless hand,
Bore our Beloved Lincoln to his tomb ?
Is there a station in life exempt ?
Or a noble heart that has no foes ?
Did not the benefactor of our race,
Die a sacrifice to appease his foes ?

See the beloved daughter.
Mourn over the spot, where her Father fell;
Kneeling down in the snow and sleet,
She offers the prayer that he loved so well.
Methinks an assassins heart,
Might melt at a scene of grief like this;
For the surging crowd in silence weep,
And the heart of a mighty nation throbs.

In the old Cathedral
Where so oft his lips had uttered
The responses, in days gone by,—
They bear the shattered wreck,
And lay in state, amid the gorgeous
Wealth of gold and diamonds—
All that remains of him, who once
Was monarch, over the proud realm
That now in silence weeps.

The last, sad rites, are said,
And mourning friends in silence
Stoop, to kiss with reverence

The hand now cold in death,
That signed the liberation of more
Than forty million serfs.

Ah! many a deed
Worthy a place upon historic page,
That noble hand had done;
And still the generous heart, and ever
Active brain, was planning deeds
Of benevolence and love, to the lowly
Subjects of his realm.

Deeds of reform and mercy,
Would have been added to the list
Already grown so large, for nearest
To his noble heart, he bore
His country's good.

But the assassin
Marked him for his prey,
And Alexander's work was done;
But while the memory of the wicked

Scarce survives his infamous career,
The noble Czar, though dead
Yet liveth, in his country's fame
Most dear.

And generations
Yet unborn, shall tell their sons
With glowing pride;—
How Alexander II lived,
And blessing others
How he died.

“The pearl of great price.”—Matthew xii : 46.

“And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.”—John xvii : 3.

What seek you? my child,
The hours are fleeting,
Old time the same lesson
Is ever repeating.
Though pleasures allure
And seek to entice,
I would have you be sure
Of the “Pearl of Great Price.”

But where shall I find it?
Instruct me to be,
More prayerful and watchful
Of all that I see.
I fear that the glitter
Of pleasure and vice,
Will shut from my vision
The "Pearl of Great Price."

This Pearl is in the reach
Of all who may seek;
Pride shuts out the vision
Enjoyed by the meek.
Pride is the obstruction
Of cunning device,
Which we must o'ercome
For the "Pearl of Great Price."

To the glitter of wealth
Must I close my eyes?
And never behold
What others would prize?

And if I should find it
What use would it be?
For a stronger than I
Might wrest it from me?

You need not fear, my child,
If once you should gain,
This treasure on earth,
It will yours remain;
'Tis the gift of "our Father."
And by his command,
No one shall be able
To pluck from thy hand.

LINES TO MY HUSBAND.

"Beloved I wish above all things, that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth."—III John ii:

Deal gently *time* with him I pray,
For you have *all* my life to-day,
Remove from him each weight of care,
The burdened sigh, the anxious prayer,

I would not ask of thee for wealth,
But for that perfect boon of health,
To cheer and bless thy lot for thee,
For thou art all the world to me,
My husband!

And I would smooth thy path through life,
My highest aim a faithful wife;
Fresh wisdom day by day impart,
That I may bless and cheer thy heart;
Our future lot we may not know,
But hand in hand through life we'll go;
What e'er of joy or gloom may be
Thy portion, I will share with thee
My husband!

And should our years on earth be few,
We will at least be fond and true;
No cloud of dark distrust or fear
Shall mar our future path-way, dear,
But we will catch each glint of sun
And count our joys o'er one by one;
And should there come a darkened day,
We'll trust that it will pass away
My husband,

The school of life has taught us well,
A lesson, tongue nor pen can tell;
And how we prize each kindly word,
Each thought by fond affection stirred;
How sweet the cup of life must be
That holds such love for you and me?
May Heaven's choicest blessings, shed
Their brightest halo round thy head;
Each day we'll bless the hour we wed,
My husband!

HEART MURMURINGS STILLED.

"Like as a Father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.
For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."—Psalms ciii:

13, 14.

"Fall gently, rain! Do not disturb
My loved one's lost repose;
Bravely he fought and bled, but now
No want or pain he knows;
Fall tenderly like gracious tears,
On his defenceless head;
Reverently, for all I loved,
Lies at your mercy dead.

A relic of that fearful war,
All suffering over now ;
Cold is the heart, and still the pulse,
And calm that placid brow.
Forever closed the eyes I loved,
No more their glance can thrill,
But yet I feel, by day, by night,
Those eyes are on me still.

You cannot ease the pain I know,
My tears bring no relief ;
And every searching drop that falls
Adds new weight to my grief.
I cannot sleep ; how can I bear
To lay me down to rest,
Knowing these heavy rain-drops beat,
The turf above thy breast ?

How can I bear to think of life,
Its pleasure and its pain,
Since you who shared each joy with me
I shall not see again ?

Compelled to know, these autumn rains
Will drench thy lowly bed ;
And winters snow and ice will drift
O'er thy unconscious head ?

Be still ! O, heart ! It is the will
Of one divinely just ;
Quicken my *faith* and give me grace.
That I may hope and trust.
Dark is the day, and dark the hour,
The Star of Peace shines dim ;
But *faith*, that blessed Star of Hope,
Will lead me up to him.

THE SACRIFICE.

“For the transgressions of my people was he smitten.”—Isaiah lxiii

Methinks I see the Son of God,
Reviled, betrayed, by man denied,
Bending beneath our weight of sin
Behold the Savior crucified.

Not for one act that he has done
Did Jesus groan upon the tree;
That precious blood, my christian friend,
Was shed for you, was shed for me.

Behold Him on Mount Olivet,
Pray, "Lord remove this cup from me,"
"Nevertheless not as I will,"
He cries in mortal agony.

'Twas then that for a paltry sum,
Judas betrayed our Lord to death;
Denied by friend, by thieves reviled
Yet he forgave with dying breath.

And nailed and bleeding on the cross,
He prayed for them, He prayed for you;
The prayer that for a world atoned,
"Forgive; they know not what they do."

Stricken for our transgressions dumb,
O that the world might speak for thee,
The wicked world, the sinful world,
Thy blood hath bought Redemption free.

O what a debt of gratitude ;
What poor, what worthless worms are we ?
Here take my heart, my life, my all,—
Accept, though poor the offering be.

“ I WANT TO BE UP THERE.”

“ I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.”—Psalm
121' 1.

The subject of this poem Miss Lorinda Belknap was one of those hopeful, happy christians, whose dying words leave a comforting hallowed influence.—V. M.

I want to be up *there*
Amid that shining band,
One of that blood-washed throng
Who stand at God's right hand.
I want to lay aside
This wasted worn-out frame,
I'll listen, 'till I hear
My Savior call *my* name.

My eyes have caught a glimpse
Of those bright realms of day,
Why should I linger here?
I long to be away!
And though you may be sad,
Shed not your tears for me,
My soul has loosed its bonds
I am forever free.

Then mother, do not weep,
As those who grieve in vain,
You would not wish me back
To suffer death again;
And when the helmsman comes
To row you o'er the tide.
Father and I will wait
Upon the other side.

My sisters, you were dear,
Oh! very dear to me,
And I would fain have borne
An equal share with thee;

But all my work is done,
 How well, the Lord knows best,
I drop the tangled threads
 He will complete the rest.

And brother, dearest tie,
 That bound my spirit here,
I would to aided you,
 Have lingered longer near ;
I would have shared your lot,
 If it had been God's will,
But he will heal your heart,
 And bid your grief be still !

Dear friends, then dry your tears,
 You lay beneath the sod,
Only the mortal part,
 My spirit is with God.
Direct your prayers to him,
 Who hath the power to save,
And know this life, is but
 A journey to the grave.

A FEW MONTHS HENCE.

“Are not my days few? cease then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little, before I go *whence* I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death.”—Job 10:20, 21.

A few months hence, and we shall not be here;
We’ve time to weep, and time to dry the tear;
A moment to enjoy the *present*, all our own,—
The future dark, untried, the way unknown.
So far we’ve ventured on the billows crest,
By many a racking wind and storm wave pressed
Only to find our cherished hopes unblest,
And struggle hard to say, “God’s will is best.”

Only a few months hence,—age, nearer than
we think

Our feet may stand upon the awful brink,
Our eyes be closed in death, our voices stilled,
With yet our work undone, our mission unful-
filled.

Teach me, Oh, Lord; the way my feet should
tread,

And let my hungry soul with righteousness be
fed.

Oh, let the lamp of peace its halo 'round me
shed,

Once e'er I mingle with the silent dead.

A few months hence ! The great world pauses
not,

For death at palace door or humble cot ;
The great, the good, the poor of modest worth,
Decay and mingle in one common earth.

And who of all the world, shall mourn for
genius' son ?

Who perished e'er his course was scarce begun ?
Or who the poets early fate deplore,
Whose harp of song was silenced evermore ?

A few months hence, and time our names shall
blot

From recollection's scroll, till quite forget ;
For grief of faithful friends is short at best,
And few the poet has that bear the test.
Nature will keep her dewy drops in store,
The Orchard boughs in very grief bend lower,
And tear-drops fall as sweet, as fell before,
When I, shall walk these pleasant ways no
more.

“LIFE’S COMPARISONS.”

Blessed *are* they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the “Tree of Life,” and may enter in through the gates into the city Revelation xxii : 14.

I know a tree, a towering tree,
Whose branches wave high over me;
In vain it strives to reach the sky,
Yet doth not shade the passer by.
'Tis rooted in a cleft of rock,
A goodly seed of goodly stock;
But not a shrub or plant grows near,
To break the loneliness so drear.

What if I twine my tendrils round,
And shade him from the very ground?
It would be quite a mark for me,
To gaze from such a lofty tree.
Cease prattling, foolish little vine,
A holier mission yet is thine;
You'd die upon those rocks you see,
Pray let the proud old giant be.

I know a tree, a sturdy tree,
Whose branches spread most lustily;
It has no towering hopes on high,
But thorns to wound the passer by.
It thrives in every clime and land,
Defies the fell destroyers hand;
Spreading in wild luxuriance
It bears the fruits of ignorance.

What if I climb its rugged side?
Who knows,—it may be beautified?
These very thorns that you dread so,
May shield me from a wiley foe;
Still *reason* with entreating voice,
Besought me to delay my choice;
'Twas thus I learned to cling to earth,
And mark the spot that gave me birth.

There is a tree of endless bloom,
Whose glory shall out-live the tomb;
Whose boughs are green from age to age,
Whose record is *the sacred page*.

Oh, never failing source of light,
Whose rays can pierce the gloom of night;
Lead thou me on, light thou my way,
Unto the clear and perfect day.

Oh give me faith to cling to thee;
And feel thy strength upholding me;
Be thou my mark, my aim, and end,
On Thee my every hope depend!
When all these shifting scenes are o'er,
Oh, give me them, I'll ask no more,
When done is all this pain and strife,
A portion of the Tree of Life!

"OUR FUTURE."

"Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain:
Let all the inhabitants of the land tremble; for the day of the Lord cometh, for it
is nigh at hand."—Joel ii: 1.

What are the signs of the times, my friend,
Look out to the distant horizon,
Doth the coming darkness a storm portend.
Or a cloud of dust uprising?

Is it the tramp of a mighty host,
 Nearing their place of destination?
Or the wild pulse-beat and answering throb
 Of the heart of an outraged nation?

Do we rest our hopes on a human hand?
 And trust in its wisdom to guide us?
Do we build our fabric upon the sand,
 That the treacherous tide may leave us?
Or with a faith reaching up to the sky,
 Anchored fast to the Rock of Ages?
Do we trust our all to that watchful eye,
 And the arm that will ne'er forsake us?

Have we not been tried by flood and fire,
 By war and pestilential breath?
Do not drouth and thousand ills conspire
 'Till we breathe an atmosphere of death?
And can we not see a chastening rod
 In our trial and tribulation?
And strive to win the smile of our God,
 And a blessing upon our nation?

Too long have we lived our short-sighted way,
Deeming our strength unrivaled by none ;
Building defenses we boastfully say,
Would defy any nation under the sun.
Behold the sun-kissed valley of gold,
The world's pride and the boast of our clime ;
From happy, peaceful pursuits we are told,
How awful the change in an instant of time.

Without warning, rivers turn from their course,
And smiling villages miles around
Quake at the breath of the " Master's word "
Disappear forever under ground.
Does it not fore-warn us of that day,
Which we hasten by idle profanation,
When the hills and valleys shall melt away
At the breath of His indignation ?

What are the signs of the times, my friend ?
Look out to the distant horizon,
Doth the coming darkness, a storm portend
Or a cloud of dust uprising ?

Is it the tramp of a mighty host,
Nearing their place of destination?
Or the wild pulse-beat, and answering throb
Of the heart of an outraged nation?

THE REALITY OF LIFE.

“Thou wilt shew me the path of life.”—Psalm xvi: 11.

Life is not all that I painted,
In the roseate days of youth;
Virtue is with vice so tainted,
Falsehoods wears the face of truth.

We who trusted, so believing,
Found our hopes to ashes turned;
Golden dreams our hearts deceiving,
High resolves within us burned.

Paradise seemed just before us,
Almost within reach of hand;
Now the distance widens to us,
Death divides the promised land.

We have loved, and we have trusted,
Bitter has experience been ;
But the lesson fate entrusted,
Plain revealed God's hand within.

We have learned the saddening lesson,
False is earth, though fair to view ;
Nothing firm our hearts to rest on
But Jehovah's word is true.

Empires crumble, time doth cover
Monarchs 'neath oblivion's wing ;
Jesus lives and reigns forever,
Earth the footstool of "our king."

We are shadows on earth's dial,
And like shadows fade away,
Struggling hard with self denial
'Till the night shuts out the day.

We shall sleep but not forever,
We shall 'wake to life again ;
Our immortal souls live ever,
When our bodies sink in pain.

We shall die and be forgotten,
By the busy world around;
But good deeds have good begotten,
When the dead sleep underground.

Better than to live in story,
Or the vain world's praise to win,
Is our Father's crown of glory,
When He bids us "enter in."

"MY TRUST."

"And He took up little children in His arms and blessed them and said, "of such is the kingdom of God."—Luke xviii: 16.

O clustering, sunny locks
Of curling auburn hair;
O precious little heads
Unused to think of care.
Mine has grown old with years,
Burdened with doubts and fears,
With wisdom born of tears,
And sad experience.

O little eyes, brimful of glee,
That all day long, laugh merrily;
O, little faces smooth and fair,
Unruffled by a single care;
I sigh to think, Time's rapid wing
To you will many changes bring;
And oft those tender chords will wring
With sad experience.

O, little hearts so full of trust,
Must your fond hopes too, turn to dust?
Your dreams and aspirations high,
Like mine, full early, born to die;
'Tis even so, but God can shield,
My tender lambs to Him I yield,
The book of destiny is sealed,
Lift up thine eyes!

O, little hands that find in play,
Some fresh amusement, day by day;
Full soon your joys must lay aside,
To stem the World's unequal tide;
O, may they, working with a will,
Accomplish good instead of ill;

Labors of love, of faith and trust,
When mine all crumbled into dust,
Forgotten lie.

O, busy, busy little feet,
Your task is light, your burden sweet ;
You know not, how the years now fled,
Have taught me cautiously to tread ;
And inexperienced feet will stray,
So often from the narrow way ;
My trust I place in One above,
To shield thee with a Father's Love ;
And 'mid temptation, toil and strife,
Point out to thee a better life,
Through gates beyond.

“WEARY PILGRIM REST.”

“There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.”—Hebrews iv: 9.

The subject of this poem, an aged gentleman, belonging to a numerous and respected family, had by intemperance and its attendant vices so alienated himself from them, that after years of repentance, he died friendless and alone. —COM.

All his griefs and toils are o'er,
Ne'er to sin or sorrow more ;
Jesus turns none from His door,
Weary Pilgrim rest !

We have faults we would not own,
We shall reap what we have sown,
Death relieves when weary grown,
Lay him down to rest !

Once he felt a father's pride,
For the loved ones at his side,
Strange that years should so divide,
Strange this world of ours.

Once a mother bent above above him,
Asked God's benison upon him,
Then to die with none to love him,
 Strange these hearts of ours.

O thou young man in thy prime,
Do not kneel at Bacchus shrine,
Do not crush love's tender vine
 Lest it droop and die.

Lest neglected and alone,
When the pulse has feeble grown,
We should heave the dying moan,
 With no loved one nigh.

It will not defile you now,
Just to touch that pallid brow,
Death has stamped its impress now,
 Lay him down to rest !

All his toils and grief are o'er,
Ne'er to sin or sorrow more ;
Jesus turns none from His door,
 Weary Pilgrim, rest !

A VISION OF HOME.

"The memory of the just is blessed."—Proverbs x: 7.

"Keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother.

Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck.

When thou goest it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest it shall keep thee, and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee."—Proverbs vi: 20-22.

I am lonely, though cheerful I strive to appear;
I am thinking of friends that I never may see;
And vainly I wipe the fast-falling tear,
For I feel that my loved ones, are weeping
for me.

At morning and evening like incense arise,
From my home on the hill-side, the voices of
prayer;
And if ever I reach that blest home in the skies,
'Twill be your intercessions, that led me safe
there.

I see the old homestead at evening twilight,
The welcoming gate, and the towering trees;

And I pass o'er the threshold, in dream-land
by night,
And worship with you, though none but God
sees.

I see the old church with worshipers few,
Who met there for prayer, in the days that
are gone ;
And I long to make known there, my presence
to you,
To join in your praises, and echo your song.

But distance divides us, and there is decreed,
A separate path for the people of God ;
It is ours to follow, wherever it leads,
To bear up the cross, and bow to the rod.

God speed the glad day, when again we shall
meet,
'Till then I will think o'er the past like a
dream ;
A beautiful dream, in which loved ones I greet,
And the farther apart, the nearer they seem.

THEY MISS ME.

“Sorrowing most of all that they should see his face no more.”—Acts xx: 38.

They miss me, they miss me,
’Tis saddening to think,—
How each fond tie is riven,
How severed each link.
The circle now scattered
That once was so near;
The smile of affection
Now memory’s tear.

There sits the fond mother
Who guarded my youth,
And taught the first lessons
Of wisdom and truth;
The form once majestic,
The brow that was fair,
Now bending with years,
And furrowed by care.

The brown eyes so bright,
Are faded and dim;

The luxuriant locks
Now whitened and thin;
But fairer, oh, fairer,
Than beauty can be,
Was the soul that looked out,
In childhood to me.

I long for the old time,
But childhood is vain,
For when I was with you,
I caused you much pain;
But now I am older
And sadder, 'tis true,
The years brought me wisdom
I might learned of you.

And brother, thou dearest
Of all earthly ties;
How oft my petitions
Go up to the skies,
That our Father may bless
Thee, in ways yet unknown,
And in Heaven may claim
Thee, as *one* of his own.

INVOCATION.

“He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely.”—Proverbs 10:9.

Written on the Baptism and admission into the church of fourteen young persons,
who were associates of the Author.

O, what a blessed sight, to see
The young pledging themselves to Thee;
O Father, from sin keep them free,—
Thine wholly let them ever be,
Through life, death, and Eternity.

So frail are we, so prone to sin,
The tempter drowns the voice within;
And often when the good might win,
The Evil One has entered in.

Dear Savior, Thou canst pity feel,
O, with Thy servants gently deal,
Upon our foreheads set Thy seal,
And Thy Almighty arm reveal.

Be thou our Guide when first we start,
That we from grace may not depart;

'Mid peaceful home, or busy mart,
Write Thou, Thy impress on the heart.

Give us a portion of Thy Grace,
That we, who have not seen Thy face,
Through faith, believing, earn a place,
'Mid those who run the heavenly race.

Keep us in youth, support in age,
In grief, O comfort and assuage;
O, may we love thy sacred page,
That points us to our heritage.

And should at last our feeble eyes,
Pierce the dark veil and rend the skies,
Shall we behold the home that lies
In the Jerusalem we prize?

O, shall we then, at Thy command,
Assemble at the Lord's right hand?
We pray for Grace to sin withstand,
And trust to reach that better land.

“CONVALESCENT.”

“I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help ”

“My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.”—Psalm

121:1-2.

From the grasp of death, from the couch of pain,
The Lord has raised me up again ;
And almost when my soul despaired,
His tender mercies I have shared,

O when the pulse has feeble grown,
And every hope of life has flown ;
The heart of friend may pity feel,
But Jesus' hand alone can heal.

The voice of friend is sweet to hear,
To feel their presence, doubly dear ;
Oh ! human sympathy is sweet,
But lacking Thine, still incomplete.

How near “death's messenger” may come,
And yet not bid us welcome home !

How frail this tenement of clay,
The prison of the soul to-day.

Sweet is the sparkling draught of Youth,
Unquenched the flame of Love and Truth;
But, oh! Those moments will not linger,
Told off by Time's relentless finger.

The cradle and our mother's breast,
May calm awhile the billow's crest;
But passing these, life's cruel sea
Speeds onward to Eternity.

Yet every clasp of loving hand,
Each kindly deed to others planned,
That once the spark of hope has fanned,
Are mile-stones to that better land.

How insignificant appear
The world and all that we hold dear;
When fever wastes the mortal frame,
And death extinguishes the flame!

How oft have I upon that bed,
Like faithful Hezekiah plead;

That it might be the will of God,
To turn from me His chastening rod!

And well I know, Thy hand hath led,
Else I were numbered with the dead;
And now returning health shall find,
Thy many mercies borne in mind.

“AUTUMN REFLECTIONS.”

“Man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble.”

“He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not”—Job 14:1:2.

Yellow leaves lie all around me,
See! the trees are nearly bare.
How they flutter, how they rustle,
Falling slowly through the air.

Dust to dust again they mingle,
All the wealth of Summer's pride;
So our forms to dust will moulder,
When our souls are glorified.

One by one, the earth receives us,
One by one our seasons go ;
Soon our locks, now sunny golden,
Will be whitened o'er with snow.

Nature is an index given,
Whereby we, our fate can read ;
And the leafless branches sighing,
Are the mourning hearts that bleed.

There is not a voice in nature,
There is not a sound I hear ;
But is linked in tones of sadness,
With some past scene ever dear.

There is not a tree or flower,
But a moral will impart ;
And the very earth beneath me
Is endeared unto my heart.

Autumn is the fare-well season,
And it wrings my heart with pain ;
As I think of my dear loved ones,
Sleeping on the Southern plain

Even now the autumn sunset,
Gilds the tree-tops in farewell;
When another season brings you,
Shall I be here! Who can tell!

“WAITING FOR THE MORNING.”

“ My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: *I say,*
more than they that watch for the morning.”—Psalm cxxx: 6.

The orbs their mighty courses run,
Each his allotted journey done,
Silent they march around the sun,
And the stars go, one by one,
Waiting for the morning.

The birds their nightly chorus sing,
While each one sits with folded wing,
To hail with joy the twilight king,
And myriad insect voices ring,
Waiting for the morning.

But man alone of all the train,
Lulls to sleep the throbbing brain,
And forgets the instant pain;
Waking, joins the sweet refrain
Waiting for the morning.

All our hopes before us lie,
And we pass the present by,
Groping, when we scarce know why,
Watching anxiously the sky,
Waiting for the morning.

Sorrow will not always stay,
Darkest hours will pass away,
Even midnight turns to day;
So we hope, and watch, and pray,
Waiting for the morning.

Waiting, waiting, spirit say,
Doth the vision fade away?
Or increase as day by day
Raven locks are turning gray,
Waiting for the morning?

Spirit, let our faith increase,
Give our hearts of doubt, surcease,
Give our burdened souls release,
Grant us soon the dawn of peace,
Heaven's blissful morning.

DUTY.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengthened me."—Philippians iv : 13.

O there is a duty, that's sweeter
Than pleasure the world can impart ;
The measure by far is completer,
Because it lays next to my heart.
When disease siezes hold of the frame,
And pleasures no longer allure ;
God's means are not always the same,
We trust Him and learn to endure.

We *trust* Him, ah ! there is the spring,
From whence all true pleasures arise ;
Our trials are sent us to bring
Our wandering thoughts to the skies.

And never before did we know,
The strength of his power and might;
Until by affliction laid low,
We sought Him to lead us aright.

Though weak in ourselves, yet how strong
Is the arm that leans on our God,
E'en while we submit to a wrong,
Or bow to His chastening rod.
Contented, this life is a feast,
Wherever we're called on to dwell;
He knoweth our needs, e'en the least,
For He doeth wisely and well.

Thus by *unseen* hands we are led,
Watched over, though seeming alone;
Thus He weaveth *our* life's tangled thread,
In a beautiful woof of *His own*.
And life grows fairer and brighter,
As our sun is nearing the west,
And what seemed a burden, grows lighter
As we approach the "City of Rest."

“LET ME GO.”

THE PILGRIM'S LAMENT.

“But go thou thy way 'till the end be: For thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.”—Daniel xii: 13.

I have tasted joys so fleeting,
Dying while their vows repeating,
Dead e're half the story told;
Let me go, why should I linger?
Time has laid his heavy finger,
On each tress of burnished gold.

Once the star of hope allured,
My success in life assured,
Saw the mirage fair beyond;
Vainly I pursued through gloaming,
Vainly all these years been roaming,
But the goal is still beyond.

Steadily the shadows lengthen,
Pray I for that faith to strengthen
I shall need as age creeps on.

Grasping shadows, nothing real,
Losing hope, and losing zeal,
So the wheel of life turns on.

On, though oft my feet grew weary,
On, although the way seem dreary,
Homeward still my footsteps tend;
Let me go, why should I linger?
When Old Time's relentless finger
All my joys and sorrows blend?

Faith alone remains to cheer me,
Faith in One who ne'er deceived me,
Unto Thee, I look for aid;
When these shifting scenes are o'er,
May my ransomed spirit soar,
Where Thy heavenly courts are laid.

TOIL ON.

Toil on ! Brother, toil on,
See the goal ahead ;
He only wins who follows,
By the Savior led.

The morning hours are passing,
Let none go to waste ;
The fields are white to Harvest,
Haste, O Brother, Haste !

Toil on ! Brother, toil on,
Nothing else will win ;
See the reinforcements
Satan's bringing in.

We have need to labor,
Earnest in the right ;
For the day is passing,
Soon will come the night.

Toil on ! Brother, toil on,
For your fellow-man ;
All along Life's journey,
Do what good you can ;

Lifting up the fallen,
Speaking words of cheer ;
Tell the weak and erring,
Jesus Christ is near.

Nearest when you're weakest,
In your darkest day ;
Ready to relieve you
If you only pray.

At your heart He's knocking,
Will you let him in ?
He has come to win you,
From the paths of sin.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

I heard a song in the night-time,
 Wafted from the angelic choirs ;
Harpings by seraphs celestial,
 As their hands swept the golden lyres.
My heart went up with the music,
 Sweet music, my lips cannot sing,
Until I stand in the presence,
 Of Jesus my Savior and king.

A song I hear in the night-time,
 When the busy world is at rest ;
And in the silence I'm thinking
 Of friends in the land of the blest ;
I wonder what they are singing,
 I catch not the words of the song ;
My inmost soul is uplifted,
 I long to be one of that throng.

REFRAIN.

O that wonderful song,
Sung by the glorified throng ;

That unpronounceable song.
O I long for the day,
When my sin's washed away,
I, too, may join in that song.

PRAYER FOR DIVINE AID.

Reveal Thyself, Almighty God !
And let Thy power come down,
Let sinners tremble at Thy word,
And scoffers at Thy frown !
Speak from these feeble lips of clay,
Such words of living fire,
That colder hearts will warmly glow,
And other hearts inspire.

Lay bare Thine arm, Thy mighty arm !
Thou ancient of all days ;
That we who love Thee, shall not stand
Alone to speak Thy praise.

But others now in darkest night,
Of vice and sin and shame,
Shall hear Thy gentle, pleading voice,
And learn to love Thy name.

O Thou who art the only source,
Of strength and power divine,
We look to Thee, and Thee alone,
O make Thy face to shine ;
And in that light, O, may we see,
Our hearts as in Thy sight,
And know that Jesus blood alone,
Can cleanse and make them right.

“HOME AND HEAVEN!”

LAST WORDS OF A DYING BOY.

I am going home, dear mother,
Do not weep those tears for me,
Death will open wide the portal,
And my soul will then be free.

I would fain have lingered by you,
As your comfort and your stay,
But the hand that takes me from you,
Will provide some other way.

I am going home, dear sisters,
Do not mourn for me and weep,
When you stand beside my body,
In its last eternal sleep.
I can never walk beside you,
Nor your earthly burdens share;
But we have an "Elder Brother,"
Take them all to Him in prayer.

I am going home, dear brother,
There is much for you to do;
Do not falter in your duty,
But be tender, firm and true.
Care for mother and for sisters,
As their needs you daily see;
And prepare to meet your Savior,
For you *too* must follow me.

I am going home, companions,
If our friendship here was sweet,
O what will it be in Heaven,
When our journey is complete !
I hope you will not forget me,
When you see my face no more ;
But prepare at once to meet me
Over on the other shore.

REFRAIN.

I am going home to-day,
How can you bid me stay ?
I am going home to Heaven,
Yes ! I'm going home to-day.

LINES

INSCRIBED TO MISS HELEN CHAPMAN,

On the occasion of her Twenty-first Birthday, at the Request of Robert E. Smith,
of Wilbraham Theological Seminary.

Twenty-one years.
That is not long,
As God counts time,
An index page,
A prelude song,
To notes divine.

From infancy,
To years mature,
His hand hath led,
And trusting Him,
Thou art secure,
And shall be fed.

In childhood fair,
With earnest eye,
And thoughtful face,

Remembered still.
Time passing by,
Gave added grace.

I joy to think
In girlhood days,
Thy heart was given
Without reserve,
To Him whose praise
Fills Earth and Heaven.

And He who crowns,
Thy natal day,
With wishes pure,
And hopes high-born,
Will guard thy way
And make it sure.

O, may He bless
Thy onward way,
Basket and store ;
Supply each need,
Until that day,
You want no more.

And when you stand
Before the Throne,
In Him complete,
Your life-work done,
The victory won,
It will be sweet.

THE TWO SIFTERS,

OR CHRIST VERSUS SATAN.

“Satan hath desire to have you, that he may sift you as wheat.” Luke xxii: 21

Out in the gutter
And filth of the street,
Satan is sifting,
Is sifting the wheat,
Saving only the refuse
And chaff,—
The curse, the oath,
And the ribald laugh.

These, these you can hear,
Each night on the street,
Where Satan is sifting,
Is sifting the wheat.

Out where the red-lights
Are drawing them in
To the haunts of vice,
And the links of sin,
The wheat falls out,
But the chaff remains,
And the soul is covered
With guilty stains.
O, flee from his grasp
E're his work is complete;
For Satan is sifting,
Is sifting the wheat.

Do you not know,
Every grain will be lost?
You are selling your soul
At a fearful cost;
Truth, honor, and conscience
Are slipping away,

But the chaff is reserved
For the judgment day.
God pity the soul,
In its ruin complete,
When Satan sifts out
The last grain of wheat.

Down in the heart
Of the tried, it is sweet
To know that Jesus
Is sifting *His* wheat.
The chaff flies out,
The good will remain,
And Jesus will store
The golden grain;
And our greatest joy,
When in Heaven we meet,
Will be that Jesus
Sifted the wheat.

CONSECRATION.

O Savior dear, can I forget,
What Thou hast borne for me?
The agony, the bloody sweat,
The death upon the tree.
The jeers of men, the crown of thorns,
That pierced Thy kingly brow;
Me-thinks my stony heart would melt,
Could I behold Thee now.

Forbid, O, Lord, I should forget,
But let the memory be,
Stronger than any earthly tie,
To draw me unto Thee.
So shall I grow in faith and love,
More like to Thee each day,
'Till Thou complete Thy work in me.
And call me hence away.

'Till then, O teach my lips to pray,
And fill my heart with song;

Until I see Thee as Thou art,
Whom I have loved so long.
Then will I never cease to praise,
While endless ages roll,
That love that stooped, from Heaven to Earth,
To save a sinful soul.

COME UNTO ME.

Silent as the gentle dew,
Falls upon the verdant sod,
So unto a heart that's true,
Comes the benison of God.
Gently as a mother stills,
The first born upon her breast ;
So He bids thee, weary one,
Come thou unto Me and rest.

Come to me ! O, sweetest voice,
Draw me from myself away ;
I will make the Lord my choice,
Walk with Him the better way.

Now I know Thee as Thou art,
Whom I never knew before ;
Come in and possess my heart,
Never, never leave me more.

Sinner, e'er it be too late,
Is your heart, with God at rest ?
Do not for a moment wait,
Bid Him welcome to your breast.
Time is swiftly passing by,
Death and judgment are in view,
See the loving Savior nigh,
Waiting graciously for you.

THE SECOND COMING.

Once in His love for us, He came to die ;
In pity bore our sins, I know not why.
Sin wounded Him, its darts were at Him hurled,
Now He comes to judge the world.

O, bitter thought, for me He shed those tears,
Bore cruel words, harsh looks and taunting
jeers ;

Pride wounded Him, in scorn her lip was curled,
Now He comes to judge the world.

You who spurn Him, yet shall know, at your
cost,

If He leave you to yourself you are lost.

Vain all the boasts, that scoffing worldlings
hurled,

When He comes to judge the world.

REFRAIN.

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

See the cross on the battle-flag unfurled !

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

Jesus comes to judge the world !

THE CHRISTIAN VOLUNTEER.

We have volunteered for service,
Neath the banner of our King;
He has led us forth to conquer,
And His praise we love to sing.

Since our Savior goes before us,
We've no fears to meet the foe;
Our's to follow, when He leads us,
See His banner onward go.

We'll be faithful, truly faithful,
'Till our term on earth expire;
We'll be ready for the Master,
When He bids us come up higher.

Then before our great commander,
We shall pass in grand review;

And be mustered out of service,
When our warfare all is through.

REFRAIN.

'Twill be sweet, to tell the story, as we meet,
How His loving hand has led us, to His feet!

•
IN MEMORIAM.

Written after the burial of Charlotte Findley, September 19, 1889.

Our hearts are very sad to-day,
So sad we cannot tell;
But we have placed our trust in Him
Who doeth all things well.
A dear one from her home has gone,
We see the vacant chair;
Companionship with her was sweet;
We miss her everywhere.

God giveth his beloved sleep,
After long hours of pain;

In which her lips were never heard
To murmur or complain.
So, purified from earthly dross,
By sufferings severe,
Her eyes beheld the Heavenly hills
Unclouded by a tear.

O mystery of mysteries,
O dark, unfathomed sea,
That shuts our loved ones out of sight
And bears them unto Thee.
O grave that closes o'er our hopes,
Of this vain world below,
O Death, how oft thy dreadful sting,
It has been ours to know.

No human lips can speak the grief,
That human hearts can feel;
No earthly balm relieve the wounds,
That Heaven alone can heal.
Spirit divine, breathe in our hearts,
Submission to Thy will;
Speak to our overburdened souls
The message, "Peace, be still."

COMING TO THE JORDAN.

I am coming to the Jordan,
I can hear the waters roll,
But I do not fear the crossing,
Jesus careth for my soul.
He is faithful that has promised,
Not a word can ever fail,
And the soul that trusteth in Him,
Shall have power to prevail.

I am coming to the Jordan,
Heavenly breezes fan my brow ;
Poor indeed are earthly pleasures,
Little care I for them now ;
For a gentle voice is calling,
Fear thou not to trust in Me ;
For 'twas I, when Peter doubted,
Stilled the waves of Galilee.

I am coming to the Jordan,
As Life's sun sinks in the West ;

Lo! Another light is breaking
From the Valley of the Blest.
By its light I see the Jordan,
But its waves have ceased to roll,
And my Blessed Lord is waiting,
With a welcome for my soul.

FOREKNOWN.

My Savior looks down
From His home in the skies;
He knows all my sorrows,
My hard sacrifice.

He feels every throb
Of the agonized heart;
He numbers each tear-drop
Before they may start.

Should I fear for my future
When this much I know,

Whatever betide me,
He has ordered it so.

The most of my jewels
Are crumbled to dust,
But my treasures are laid
Where they never can rust.

I must go on my way,
Till my race shall be run;
The journey completed,
And the victory won.

Not one step before me
Can I see as I go;
But 'tis best, for my Savior
Has ordered it so.

BE NOT FAITHLESS, BUT BELIEVE.

I heard a voice, so sweet and clear,
It fell upon my ravished ear ;
It spoke to me of sins forgiven,
Of faith in God—of rest in Heaven.
I heard it in the morning hours,
When all the Earth was decked with flowers ;
It told a home the Lord had made,
Where fairest flowers would never fade.

I heard a voice in midday air,
It seemed to come from everywhere ;
It told me of a land divine,
That needed not the sun to shine.
It said there was a land of rest
That sheltered all the world oppressed ;
And *there* none ever toiled for bread,
For Jesus all His children fed.

I heard the voice at twilight glow,
It spoke in cadence soft and low,

Of land that lies not far away,
Where reigns one long, unending day.
I said, dear Lord, can there still be,
In that blest land a place for me?
What is the royal fare, I pray,
To take me to the realm of day?

I felt a breath, so soft and sweet,
It stirred the grasses at my feet;
I turned and saw my Savior stand,
To guide me to the better-land.
He spoke in tones so loud and clear,
It seemed that all the world could hear:
“Believing one! Did you not know?
I paid the passage long ago!”

CHORUS.

Hark to the voice!
Hark to the voice!
At morn, at noon, or dewy eve!
Hark to the voice!
That gentle voice!
“Be ye not faithless but believe!”

EVENTIDE.

The hour of rest is coming,
I see the twilight glow ;
The dusky shades of evening
Hang o'er the vale below.
The limbs once spry and agile,
Now cautious tread and slow,
For through the silent valley.
My weary feet must go.

The friends that cheered my path-way
In the early morning hours,
E'er the noon of life, had vanished,
Like the dew upon the flowers ;
And they who walked beside me,
In the noon-tide's fervid ray,
Grew tired of their journey,
And now rest along the way.

But I may not pause or falter,
Lest I fail to win the race ;

Though my weary heart is sighing,
For some quiet resting-place.
Deeper, thicker, fall the shadows
In the valley at my feet,
But the mountains are resplendent,
With the sun-light, oh ! how sweet.

So I raise my eyes to view them,
In their lustre soft and bright ;
And unconscious I am walking,
More by faith and less by sight.
All at once the gloom is lifted,
As by angel forms upborne ;
And there bursts upon my vision,
Heaven's bright, eternal morn.

Now the cheering, loud hosannas
From a myriad voices ring,
"Blessed is the Great Redeemer,
Who has ransomed us," they sing.
Then from earth, and sky, and Heaven,
Come a throng no man can name,
Shouting, "Glory in the highest,
Worthy is the Lamb that's slain."

HE WILL MEET US AT THE BAR.

When the court convenes in Heaven,
And the Judge sits on the throne;
When the secrets we have guarded,
Shall be publicly made known;
Nothing covered, shall be hidden,
Mysteries come forth unbidden,
He will know us as we are.
There to Him, all praise ascribing,
Where no case is won thro' bribing,
He will judge us at His bar.

Wealth, distinction, social standing,
We shall lay them all aside,
And appear at the tribunal,
Robbed of all our earthly pride.
We can never hope for clearance,
But must put in our appearance,
None can hinder or debar;
Not a case will miss His hearing,
Rapidly the time is nearing,
He will judge us at His bar.

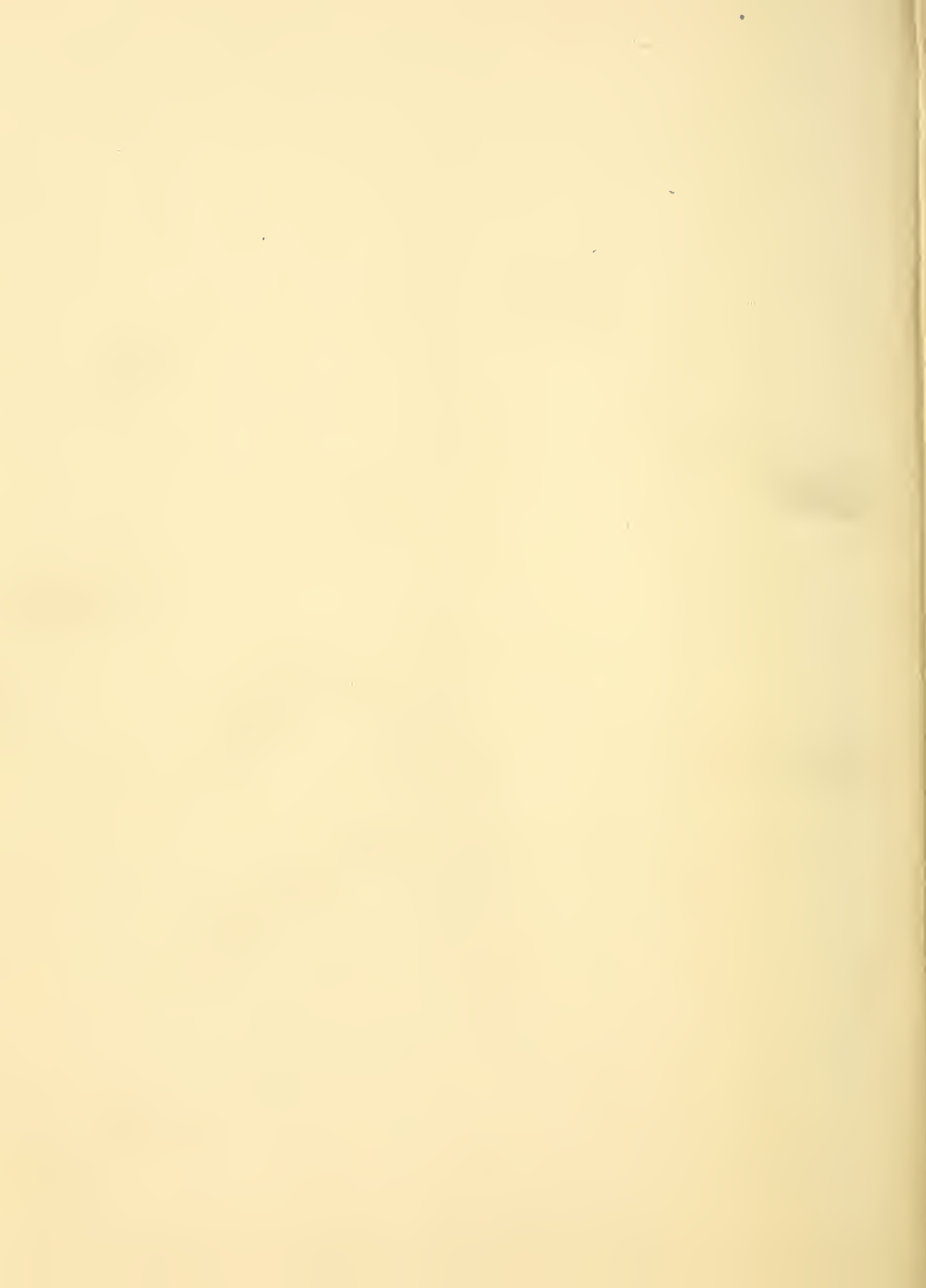
Power and pride will go for nothing,
Money will not pay our fare
Into the Celestial City;
No defaulter enters there.
Vainly would men hide the traces,
Sin has stamped upon their faces,
With its deep unsightly scar.
God, who deals not in detractions,
Knows the motives for our actions—
He will judge us at His bar.

Slowly the wheel of time turns on,
Nations and men are born and die;
And countless myriads now throng
The vaulted court room of the sky.
We, who o'er wrongs in silence wept,
While tardy justice idly slept,
Behold your advocate afar.
Then come pain or come disaster,
'Tis a kind and loving Master,
That will judge us at the bar.

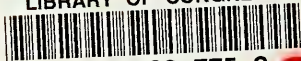
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